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The BLACK ARROW

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

No. 31

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The BLACK ARROW

by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Adapted by RUTH A. ROCHE and TOM SCOTT

Illustrated by ARNOLD L. NICKS

TEN MONTHS AFTER THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR WITH FRANCE, ENGLAND WAS AGAIN THROWN INTO CONFLICT. THE NOBLE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER CLASHED IN A BLOODY WAR FOR THE ENGLISH CROWN... A STRUGGLE THAT DIVIDED THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR THIRTY YEARS.

IT WAS DURING THESE TROUBLED TIMES THAT A CRAFTY AND AMBITIOUS NOBLEMAN, SIR DANIEL BRACKLEY, TWISTED THE LIVES OF MANY AROUND HIM. HOWEVER, IN HIS GREED AND SCHEMING, HE DID NOT PLAN ON TWO YOUNG HEARTS OPPOSING HIM.

HERE IS THE STORY OF YOUNG DICK SHELTON, WHOSE DESTINY WAS STRANGELY DEPENDENT ON THE STING OF A DEADLY **BLACK ARROW!**

LATE ONE SPRING AFTERNOON IN THE VILLAGE OF TUNSTALL, ENGLAND, DURING THE REIGN OF HENRY VI. . .
COME, SIR OLIVER, TOLL THOSE BELLS. SIR DANIEL WAITS UPON OUR SPEED!
BUT TO WHAT PURPOSE, MASTER HATCH?

WHAT IS IT NOW, MASTER RICHARD? NEWS OF THE WARS?
MY GUARDIAN, SIR DANIEL, WANTS EVERY MAN WHO CAN BEAR ARMS TO JOIN HIM IN KETTLEY. HE IS PREPARING FOR BATTLE.
BAH! THERE'S NOT A WHOLE MAN LEFT TO JOIN HIM!

THOSE OF YE WHO ARE FIT TO FIGHT, REPORT TO THE MOAT-HOUSE TO BE ARMED.. OR BEAR THE PENALTY OF SIR DANIEL'S EXTREME DISPLEASURE! WE MUST RIDE BEFORE CURFEW!
MORE MEN! TRULY THESE WARS ARE OF NO BENEFIT TO THE POOR, SUCH AS US!

YE MUST SPEAK FIRM TO THESE SIMPLE VARLETS, DICK, ELSE THEY'LL NOT OBEY YOU!
WHERE TO, NOW, HATCH?

NOW WE'RE GOING AFTER APPLEYARD, THE ARCHER. IF I'M TO TAKE THE MEN TO DANIEL IN KETTLEY, WE MUST HAVE A STRONG MAN LEFT TO COMMAND THE GUARD AT THE MOAT-HOUSE WHILE I'M AWAY.
YOU'RE RIGHT! APPLEYARD IS STILL A GOOD SOLDIER, DESPITE HIS AGE!

HO, APPLEYARD! I'D HAVE A WORD WITH YE!
HATCH! WHAT BRINGS YE HERE, MAN?

SO! SIR DANIEL WANTS ME TO GUARD THE MOAT-HOUSE WITH SIX MEN, DOES HE? TELL YOUR SIR DANIEL 'TWILL TAKE AT LEAST A SCORE!
NO, OLD MAN. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE CALLED ON, SIR DANIEL CANNOT SPARE MORE MEN!

BUT, AS THEY SPEAK.. IN THE NEARBY WOODS, AN ARCHER HOLDS A TIGHT BOW.. HIS ARROW TAKES AIM . . .
MY OLD ENEMIES! HERE IS THE FIRST!

AHHHH!
WHAT'S THAT? TO COVER, DICK!
BUT WHERE?

HE'S DEAD, POOR FELLOW!
WHO DID THIS? I SEE NO ONE!

SIR DANIEL HAS MADE MANY ENEMIES! SEE WHAT THIS READS!
A BLACK ARROW!

THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS GET HIS POOR OLD BODY INTO THE HOUSE!
THE ROGUE HAS PROBABLY SLIPPED AWAY, BUT KEEP A SHARP WATCH ON THE FOREST, MASTER DICK!

OLD APPLEYARD WAS A FRUGAL ONE. HE SHOULD HAVE THREE-SCORE POUNDS OR MORE PUT BY. WHEN YE LOSE A FRIEND, 'TIS CONSOLATION TO BE HEIR TO HIM!
WHAT! YE'D ROB THE MAN'S HOUSE WHILE HIS BODY STILL REMAINS TO WITNESS?

BUT STILL HE.. WHAT'S THAT? DOES SOMEONE COME?
'TIS THE PRIEST, SIR OLIVER!

APPLEYARD! WHO DID THIS, HATCH?
A BLACK ARROW! FROM JOHN AMENDS-ALL!

AND WHO MIGHT BE THIS JOHN AMENDS-ALL, DO YE THINK?
METHINKS 'TWOULD BE ELLIS DUCKWORTH. HE BEARS SIR DANIEL AND HIS MEN A GRUDGE FOR THE BURNING OF GRIMSTONE!

WE'D BEST GET BACK TO TOWN. WITH THE ARCHER DEAD, YOU'LL HAVE TO REMAIN, HATCH, TO GUARD THE MOAT-HOUSE. THINK YOU THAT RICHARD COULD BE TRUSTED TO LEAD THE MEN TO SIR DANIEL AT KETTLEY?
AYE, I THINK SO!

SO THESE ARE THE MEN TO JOIN SIR DANIEL IN THE FIELD! A SORRY LOOKING LOT!

WHO GOES? STAND IF YE BE TRUE!

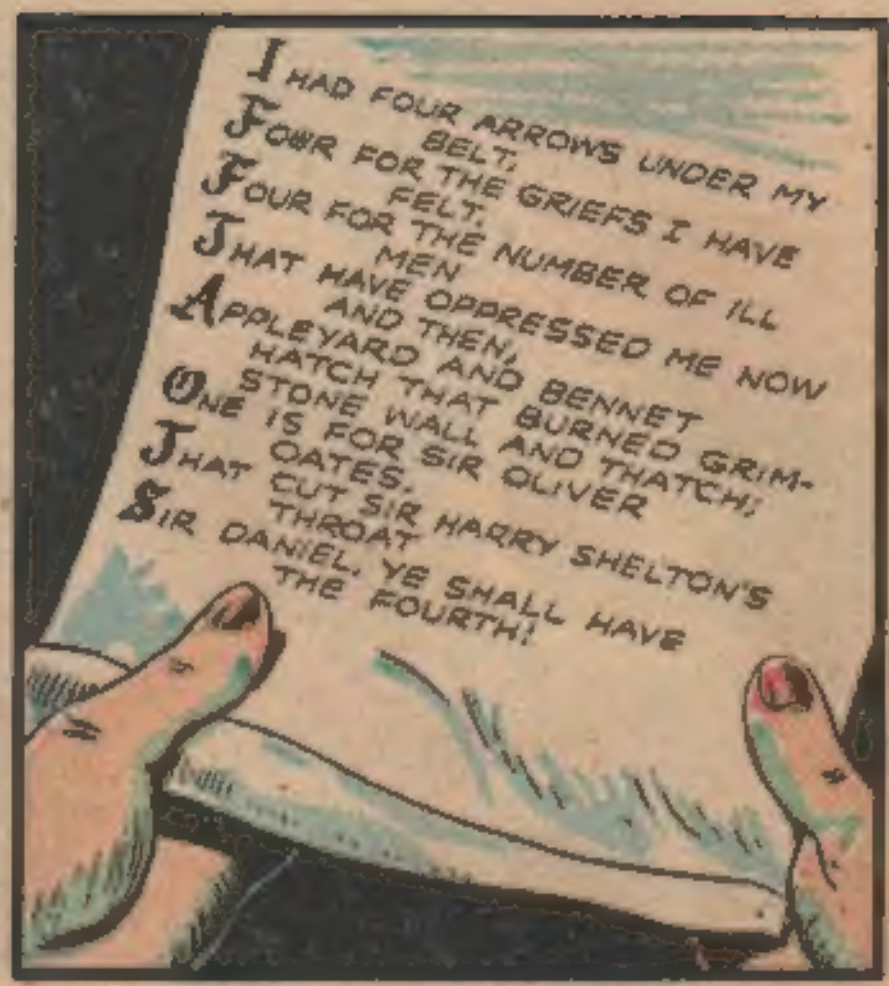
HURRY, MEN! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

SHOOT, MASTER DICK! THE ROGUE'S ALMOST TO THE WOODS! WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM THERE!

BUT JOHN AMENDS-ALL IS A FORESTER. HE DOES NOT MAKE AN EASY TARGET. . .

MISSED!
WE'RE TOO LATE NOW!
MASTER HATCH, LOOK YE WHAT THE ROGUE LEFT PINNED ON THE CHURCH DOOR!

HERE, YOU READ THE LIBEL. GOOD MASTER RICHARD THE LIGHT IS POOR AND MY EYES ARE OLD...
LET ME TAKE IT, SIR OLIVER.
ANOTHER BLACK ARROW!


I HAD FOUR ARROWS UNDER MY BELT;
FOUR FOR THE GRIEFS I HAVE FELT.
FOUR FOR THE NUMBER OF ILL MEN
THAT HAVE OPPRESSED ME NOW AND THEN,
APPLEYARD AND BENNET HATCH THAT BURNED GRIMSTONE WALL AND THATCH;
ONE IS FOR SIR OLIVER OATES,
THAT CUT SIR HARRY SHELTON'S THROAT
SIR DANIEL, YE SHALL HAVE THE FOURTH!

THE MAN'S MISTAKEN! I HAD NAUGHT TO DO WITH SIR HARRY'S DEATH I TELL YOU!
QUIET, YOU FOOL!

SIR OLIVER! ARE YE ALTOGETHER A FOOL? THE LAD KNOWS NOTHING OF HIS FATHER'S MURDER! HE WAS BUT A BABE AT THE TIME!
WHAT IS THIS THEY FEAR MY HEARING?

SOUND ME YOUR HORN!
COME, DICK! 'TIS TIME YOU WERE OFF TO KETTLEY!

'TIS A LATE START. WE'LL NOT REACH SIR DANIEL 'TIL AFTER DARK.

AT AN INN IN KETTLEY...

WHY, MISTRESS SEDLEY, YE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO ME! AN' I'LL MAKE YOU A WONDROUS MARRIAGE WITH SOME RICH LORD OR OTHER. HE'LL HAVE TO BE RICH TO PAY ME A THOUSAND POUNDS FOR YE.

BUT WHY THEN KIDNAP ME FROM MY GOOD GUARDIAN, THE LORD FOXHAM? AND FORCE ME TO WEAR THIS MALE ATTIRE, WHICH YOU KNOW IS A GRIEVOUS SIN!

THESE BE TROUBLESOME TIMES, JOAN. 'TIS FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY THAT YE MUST BE THUS DISGUISED! AND I MUST SIT HERE IN KETTLEY, FAR FROM MY OWN HOUSE, 'TIL I HEAR WHETHER LANCASTER OR YORK IS WINNING THE WAR, AND CHOOSE MY SIDE ACCORDINGLY.

WHY, DICKIE SHELTON! WHAT BRINGS YE HERE LAD?

GREETINGS, SIR DANIEL! I HAVE MUCH NEWS FOR YOU!

..BUT NOW, SIR DANIEL, I AM ANXIOUS FOR BATTLE. I MET SOME SOLDIERS ON THE WAY WHO SAY THAT LORD RISINGHAM IS SORELY PRESSED AND NEEDS YOUR HELP!

NAY, DICK! YOU SHALL RETURN TO TUNSTALL. AS FOR THE BATTLE, LET IT WAIT A BIT. IF LORD RISINGHAM IS *LOSING*.. THEN HE'LL HAVE NO HELP FROM ME!

BUT WHY, SIR? YOU'RE PLEDGED TO RISINGHAM AND LANCASTER!

AN OATH IS NOTHING, DICK. IF LANCASTER IS LOSING, I SHALL PLEDGE MYSELF TO YORK! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS. WAIT FOR ME, I'M GOING TO SEE THE MEN YOU BROUGHT.

GOOD BOY, COULDST YE TELL ME THE WAY TO HOLYWOOD?

TAKE THE ROAD BY THE WINDMILL TILL YE COME TO THE...

NOW WHY MAKES HE FOR HOLYWOOD? AND WHY SO SECRETLY?

HOURS LATER...
TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO TUNSTALL, DICK, AND DELIVER IT TO SIR OLIVER
WITH ALL HASTE, SIR DANIEL! BUT, MY GOOD GUARDIAN, I WOULD RATHER STAY AND FIGHT!

I'M FROM LORD RISINGHAM, MY LORD. WHY DO YOU DELAY? WE DRIVE THE MEN OF YORK BEFORE US FROM THE FIELD, BUT IF YOU WERE THERE TO HELP...
THE BATTLE GOES TO LANCASTER. I BUT WAITED FOR MY MEN TO GATHER. WE'LL RIDE IMMEDIATELY!

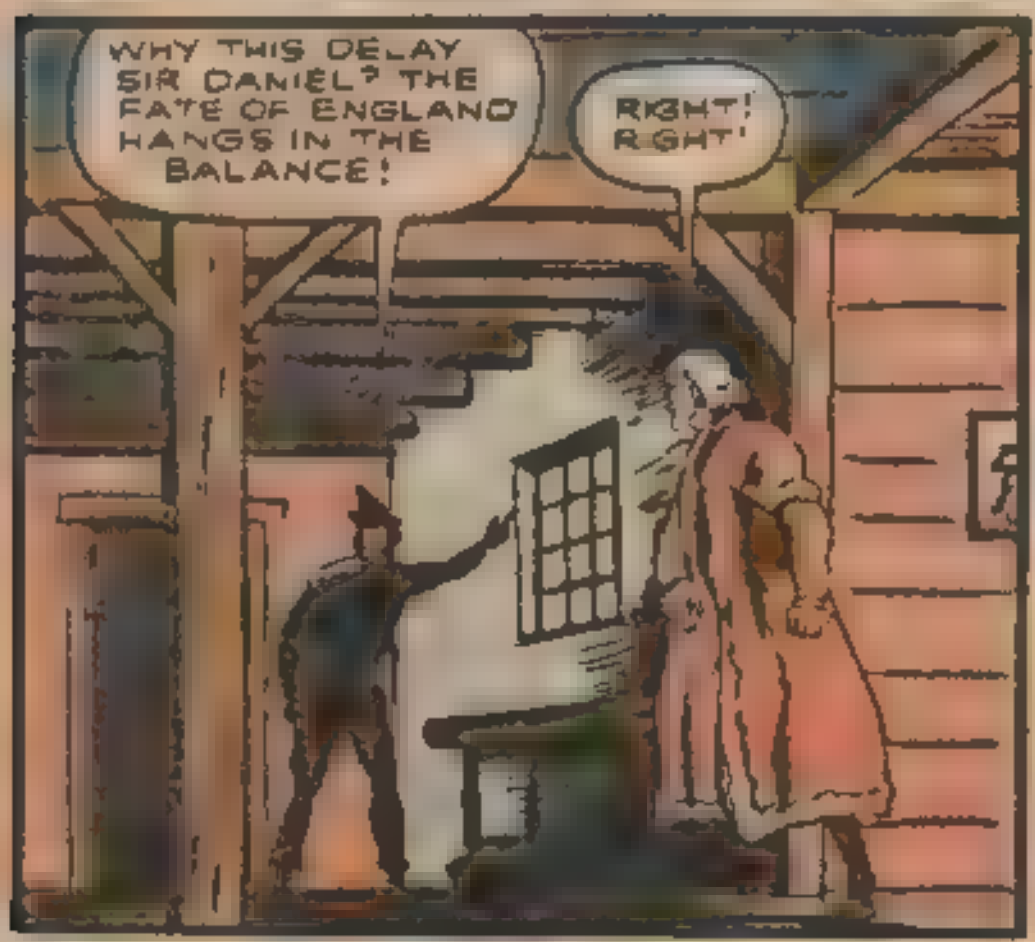
WE WILL SOUND THE TRUMPET NOW, MY FRIEND. DICK, MOUNT THEE THY HORSE AND START FOR TUNSTALL.
I WILL, SIR DANIEL

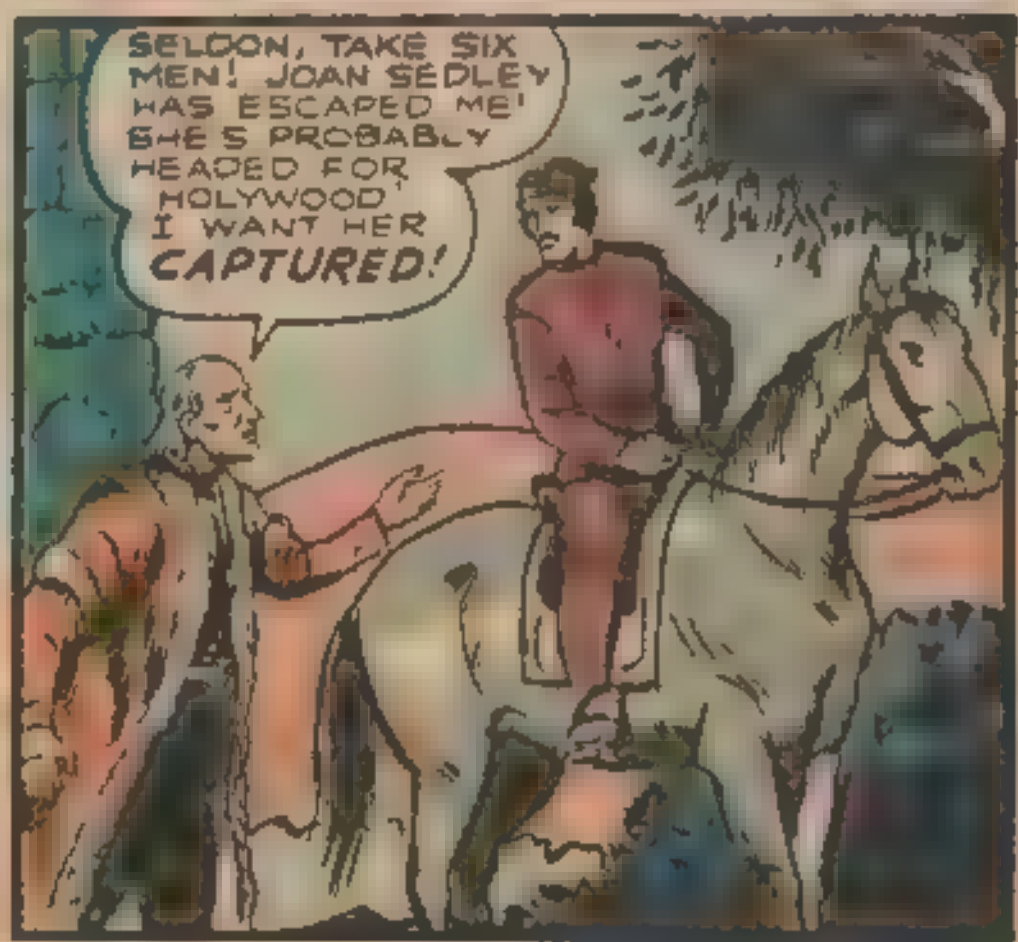
GOOD LUCK TO YOU, SIR DANIEL!
THANK YOU, LAD

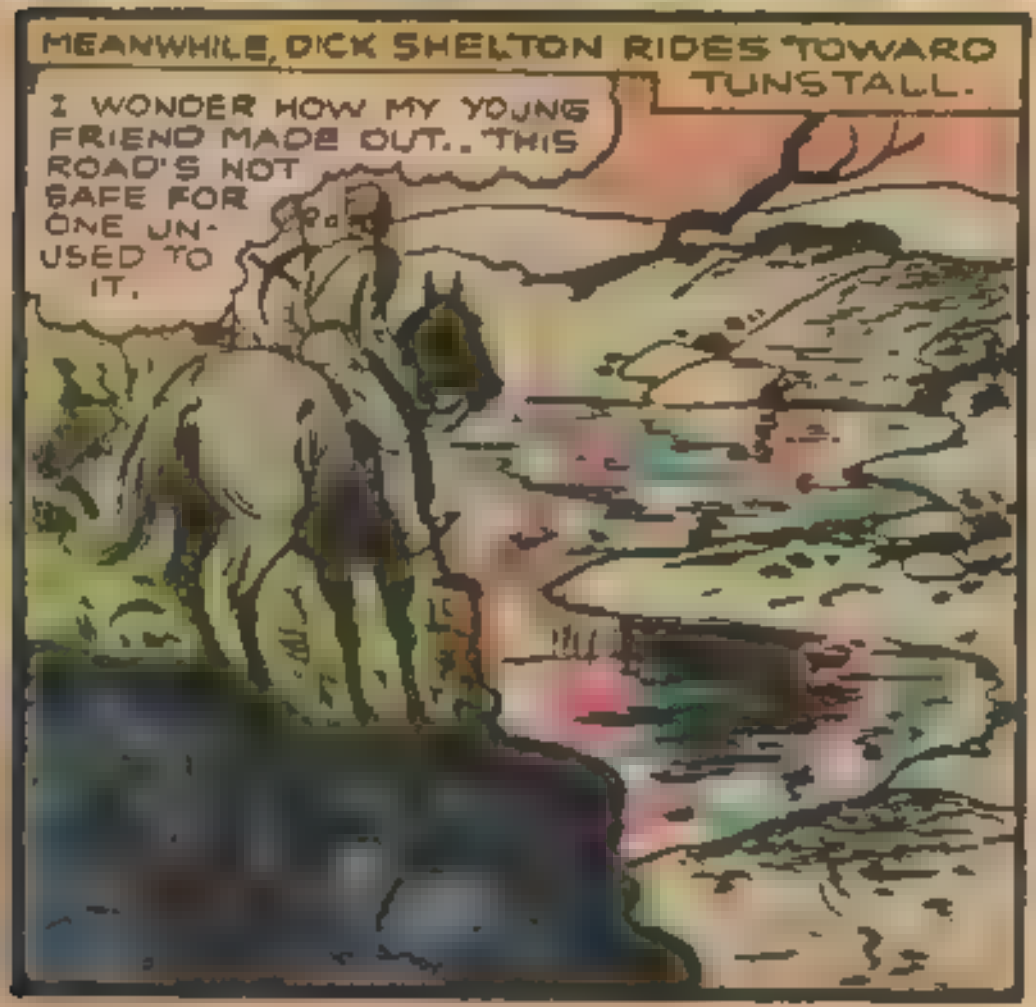
THE WAITING HAS ENDED...
THE TRUMPETER SUMMONS YOUR MEN, SIR DANIEL MAKE READY TO LEAVE

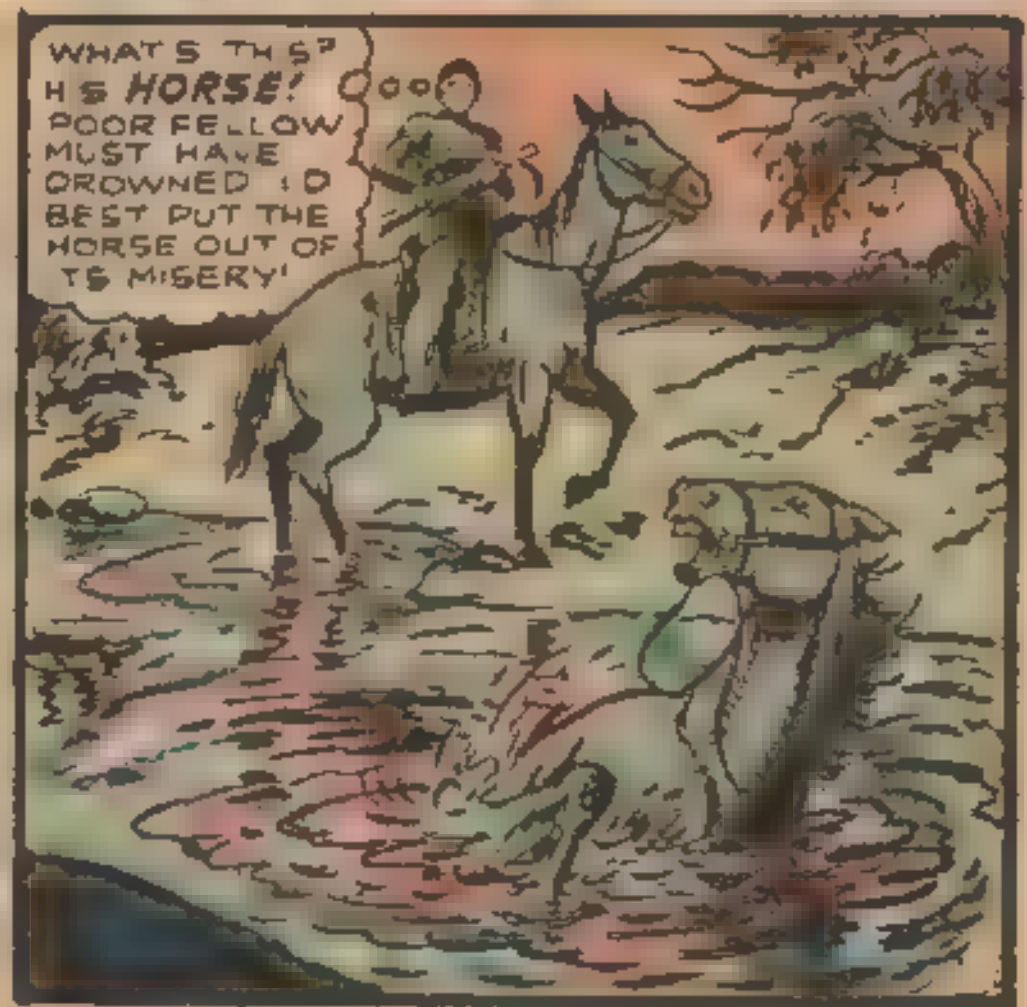
JOAN! JOAN WHERE ARE YOU JOAN?
WHO SEEK YE?

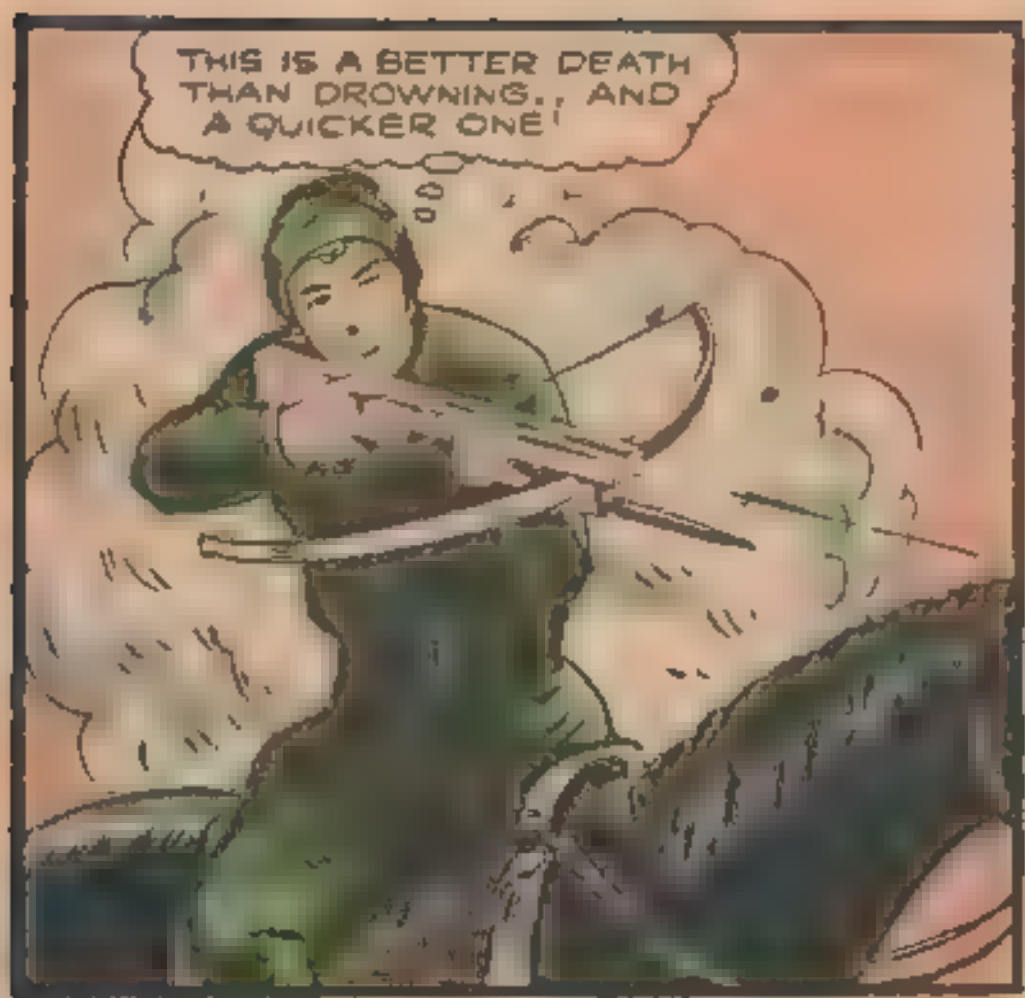
THE YOUNG LAD OR GIRL YOU SAY IT WAS? I SAW HER IN THE STABLE AN HOUR AGO, SADDLING A HORSE!
YOU FOOL! THAT GIRL WAS WORTH FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ME


WHY THIS DELAY SIR DANIEL? THE FATE OF ENGLAND HANGS IN THE BALANCE!
RIGHT! RIGHT!

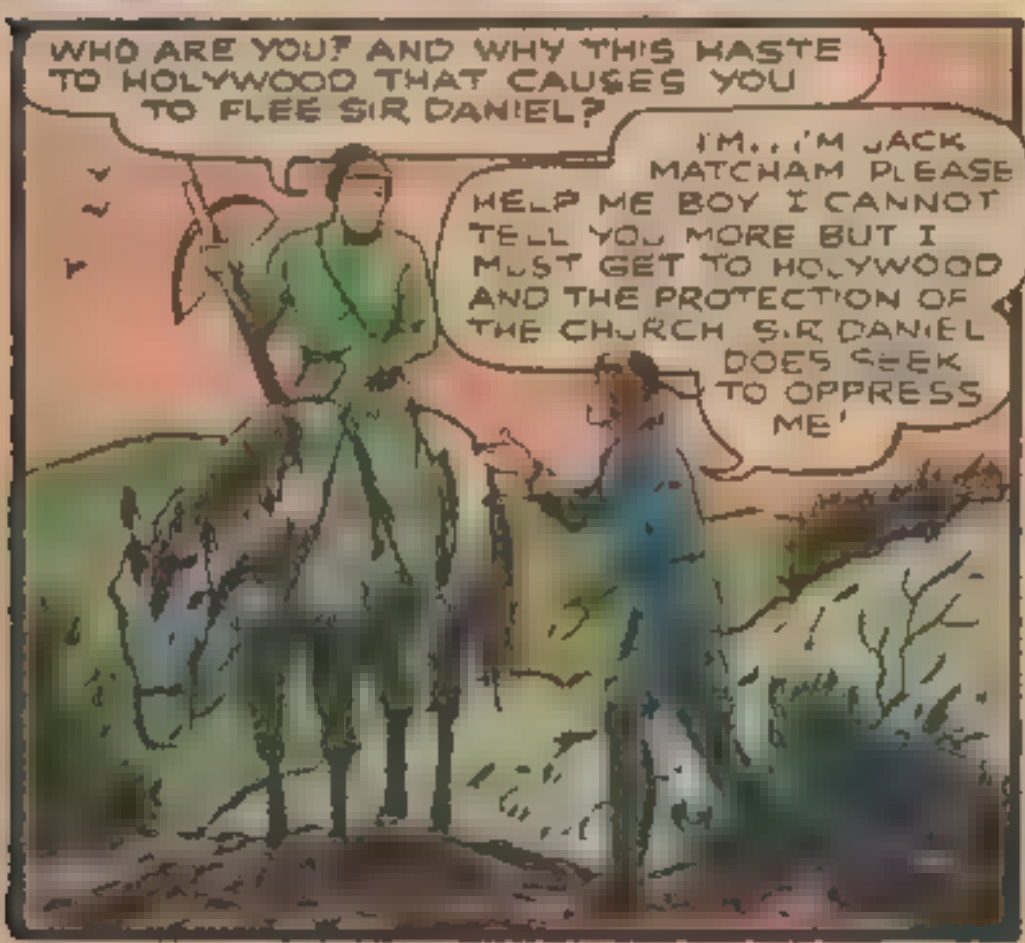

SELDON, TAKE SIX MEN! JOAN SEDLEY HAS ESCAPED ME! SHE'S PROBABLY HEADED FOR HOLYWOOD! I WANT HER CAPTURED!

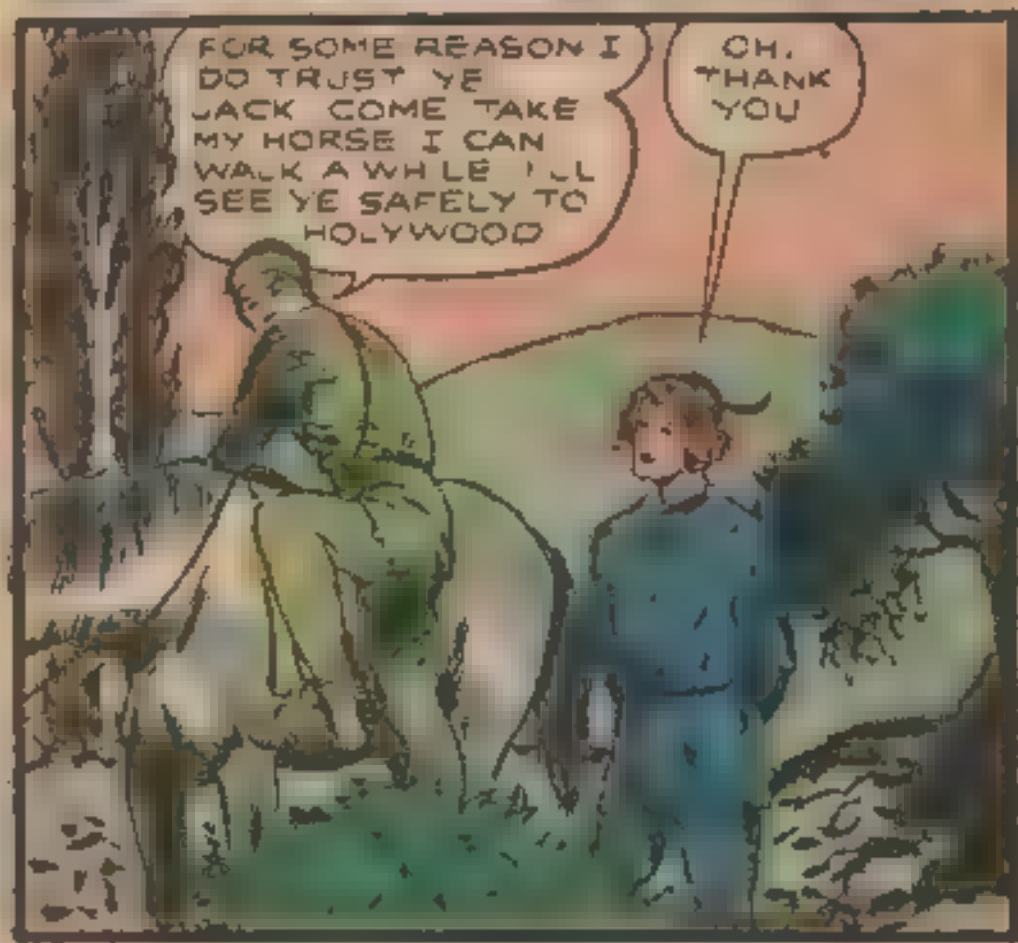

MEANWHILE, DICK SHELTON RIDES TOWARD TUNSTALL.
I WONDER HOW MY YOUNG FRIEND MADE OUT.. THIS ROAD'S NOT SAFE FOR ONE UNUSED TO IT.

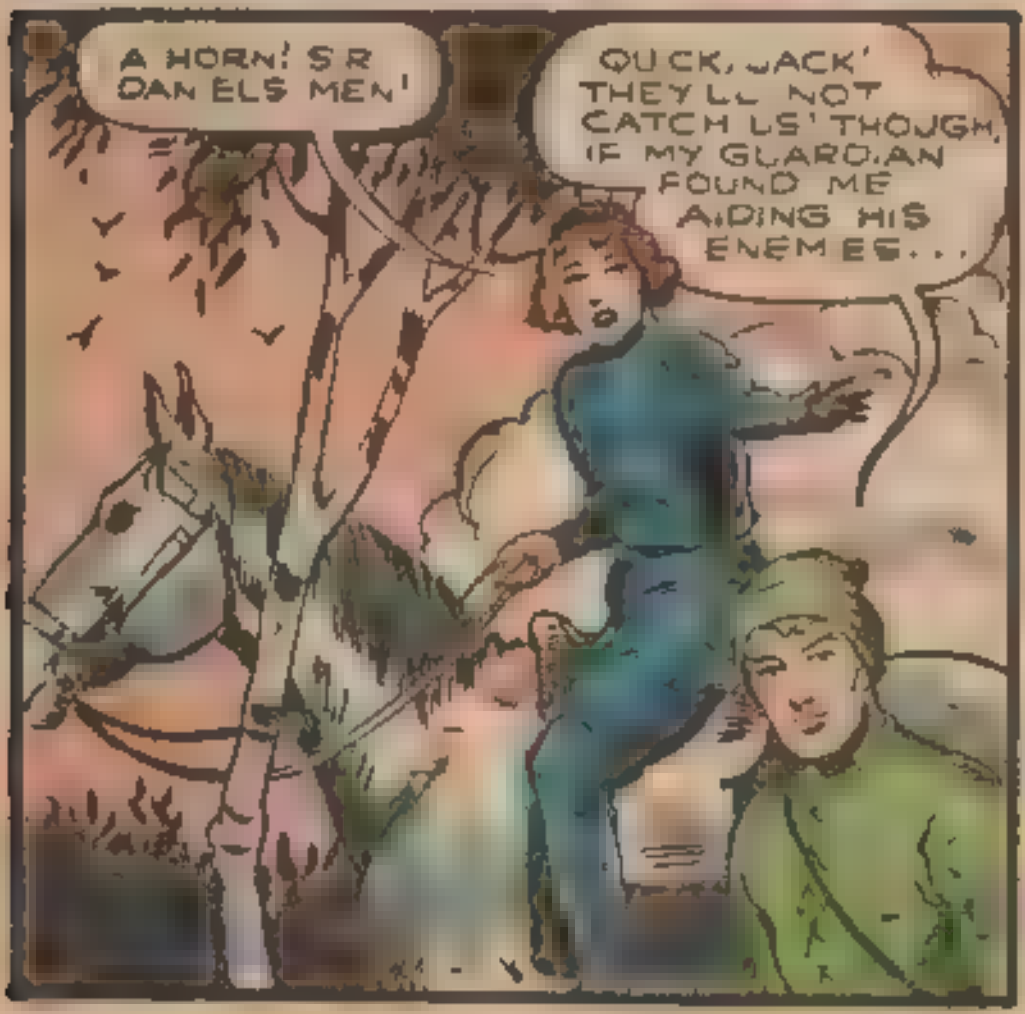

WHAT'S THIS? HIS HORSE! POOR FELLOW MUST HAVE DROWNED! I'D BEST PUT THE HORSE OUT OF ITS MISERY!

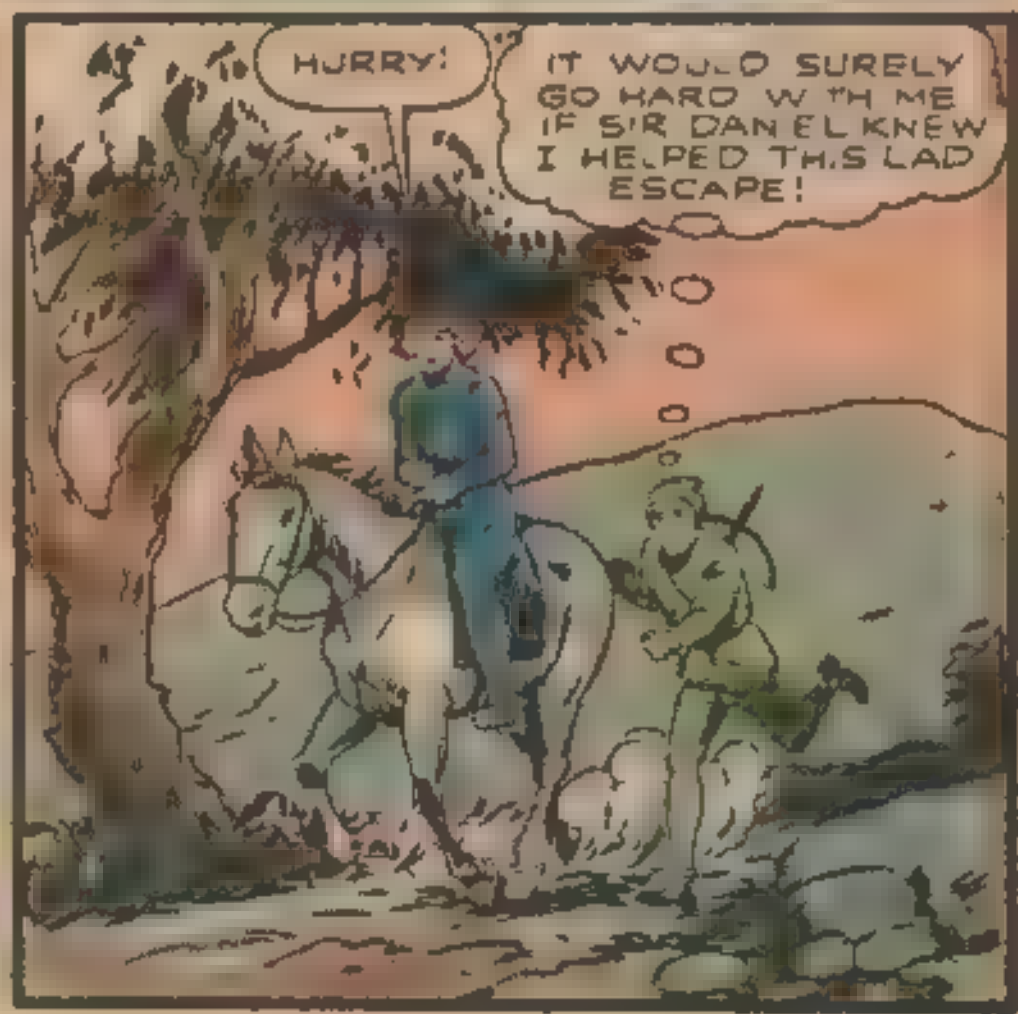

THIS IS A BETTER DEATH THAN DROWNING.. AND A QUICKER ONE!

HO! SO YOU DIDN'T DROWN AFTER ALL!
OHH! I FEARED YOU WERE SIR DANIEL!


WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY THIS HASTE TO HOLYWOOD THAT CAUSES YOU TO FLEE SIR DANIEL?
I'M... I'M JACK MATCHAM PLEASE HELP ME BOY I CANNOT TELL YOU MORE BUT I MUST GET TO HOLYWOOD AND THE PROTECTION OF THE CHURCH SIR DANIEL DOES SEEK TO OPPRESS ME!


FOR SOME REASON I DO TRUST YE JACK COME TAKE MY HORSE I CAN WALK A WHILE I'LL SEE YE SAFELY TO HOLYWOOD
OH. THANK YOU

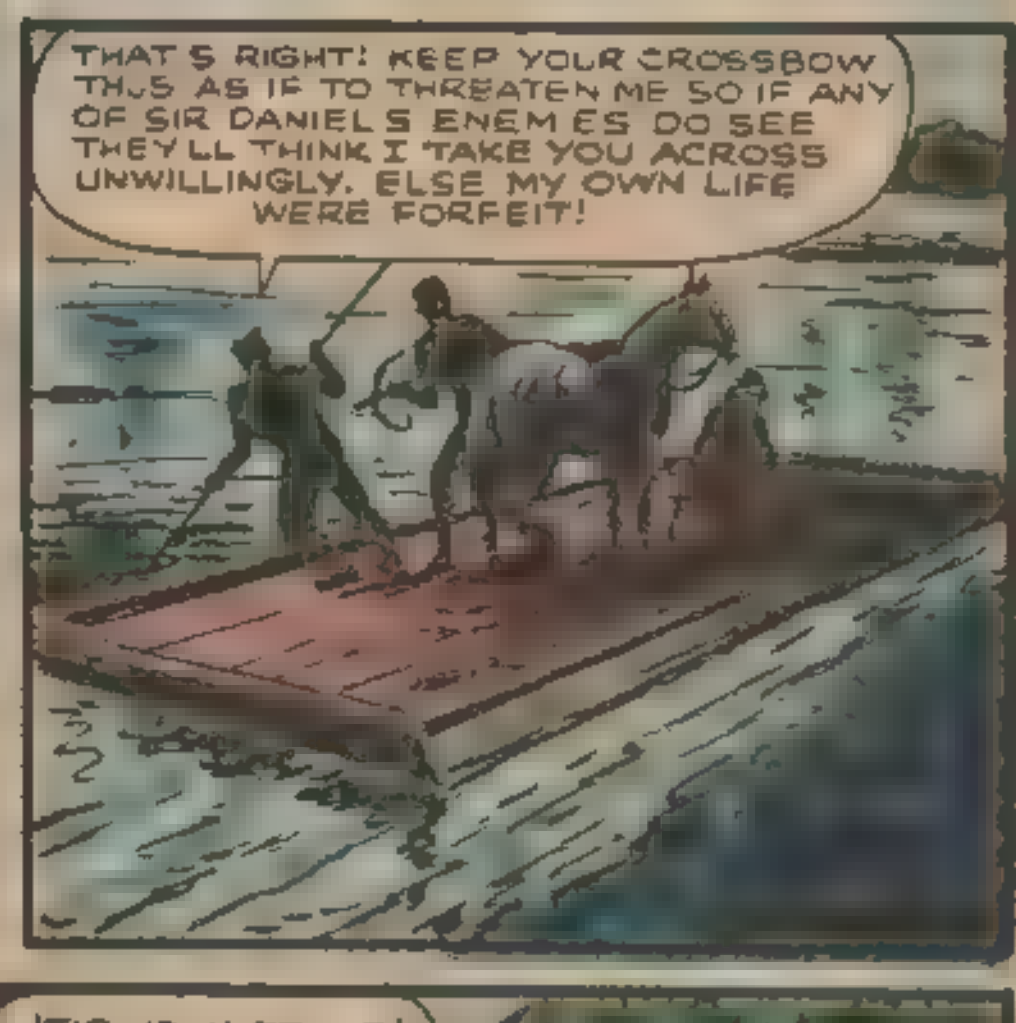

A HORN! SIR DANIELS MEN!
QUICK, JACK! THEY'LL NOT CATCH US! THOUGH, IF MY GUARDIAN FOUND ME AIDING HIS ENEMIES...

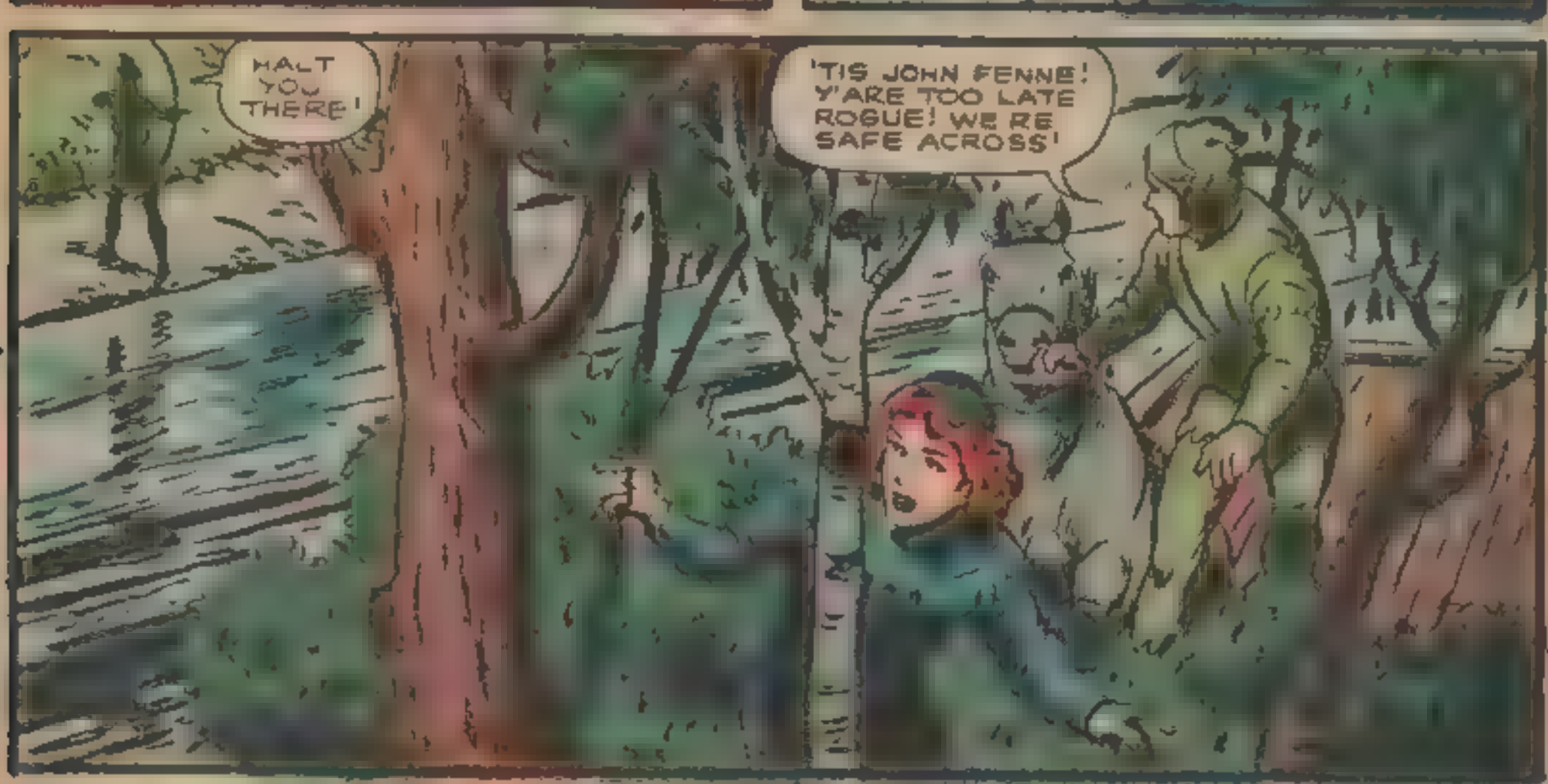

HURRY!
IT WOULD SURELY GO HARD WITH ME IF SIR DANIEL KNEW I HELPED THIS LAD ESCAPE!

HUGH FERRYMAN' QUICK, LOOSE THY BOAT AND CARRY US ACROSS!
NAY MASTER DICK' SIR DANIELS ENEMIES DO BE ABOUT YOU'D BEST TAKE THE BRIDGE!

COME! WE ARE IN HASTE!
BUT JOHN FENNE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE AND HE HAS SWORN AN OATH AGAINST SIR DANIEL'S MEN!

I'LL HAVE TO LAND YOU ABOVE THE PATH TOO DANGEROUS OTHERWISE. YE MAY FIND YOUR ENEMIES WAITING FOR YOU


THAT'S RIGHT! KEEP YOUR CROSSBOW THUS AS IF TO THREATEN ME SO IF ANY OF SIR DANIEL'S ENEMIES DO SEE THEY'LL THINK I TAKE YOU ACROSS UNWILLINGLY. ELSE MY OWN LIFE WERE FORFEIT!


HALT YOU THERE!
'TIS JOHN FENNE! Y'ARE TOO LATE ROGUE! WE RE SAFE ACROSS!

SIR DANIEL'S MEN! THEY HAVE GONE AROUND BY THE BRIDGE!

HASTE YE, JACK! WE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY

THEY'VE LOST OUR TRAIL, I'M SURE, BUT 'T S NOT W SE TO LEAVE ALL TO FORTUNE!

THIS PART OF THE FOREST IS STRANGE TO ME, BUT I THINK WE GO RIGHT!

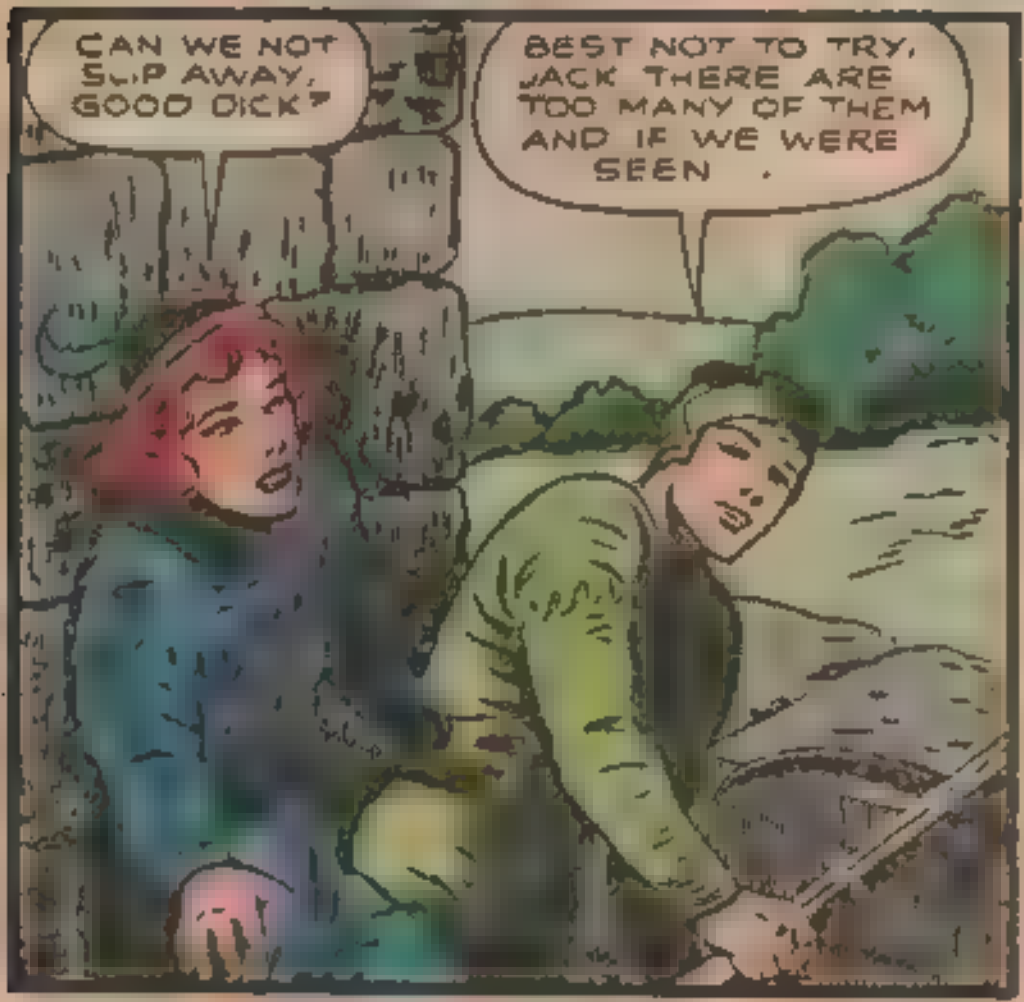
LOOK! A BURNED HOUSE I WONDER WHOSE T WAS!
WHY THAT'S GRIMSTONE! 'TWAS THE HOME OF ONE OF SIR DAN EL S ENEM ES!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A FINE HOUSE!
SHHH! LISTEN!

QUIET! NOT A SOUND IT'S THE OUTLAWS!

HE HEARD US.
NO! HE CALLS THE MEN TO THEIR MEAL.

NO, LAWLESS LET US HOPE THE STEW'S WELL DONE
IT IS, ELLIS I GIVE YOU MY WORD

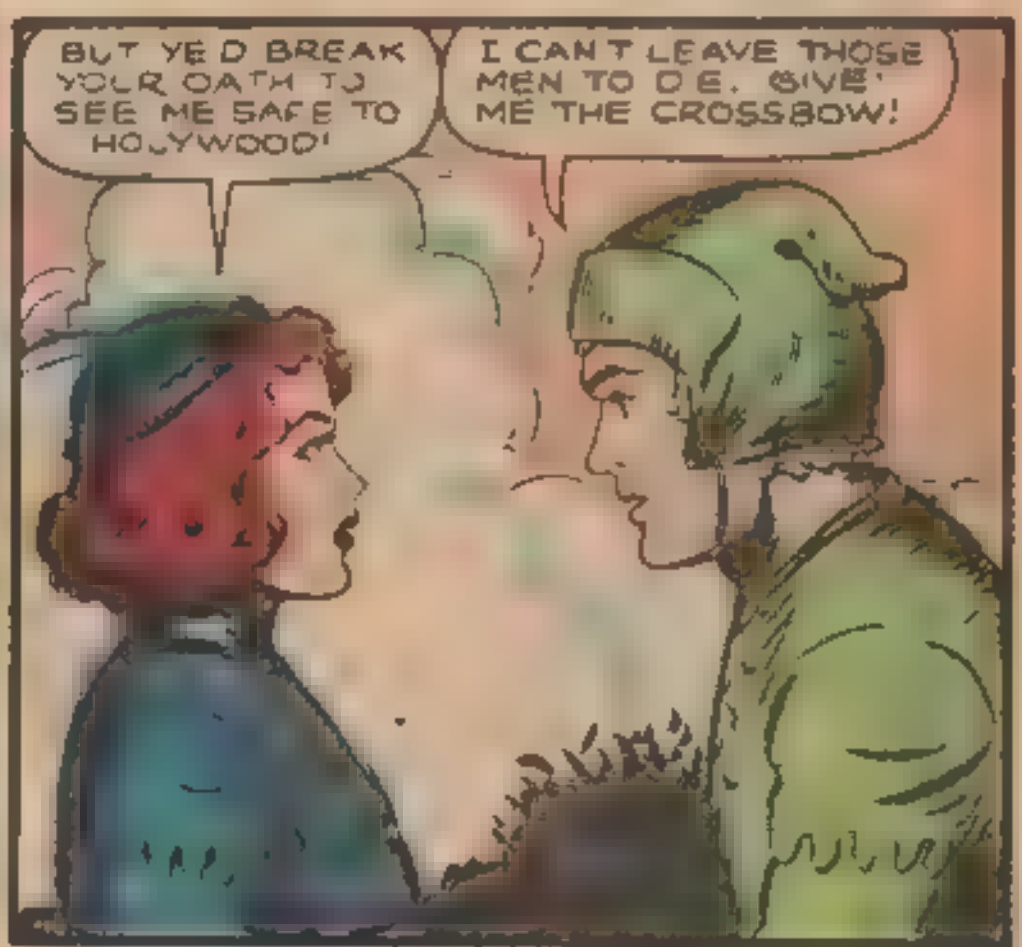

CAN WE NOT SLIP AWAY, GOOD DICK?
BEST NOT TO TRY, JACK THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM AND IF WE WERE SEEN

WHAT'S THAT?
AN ARROW!

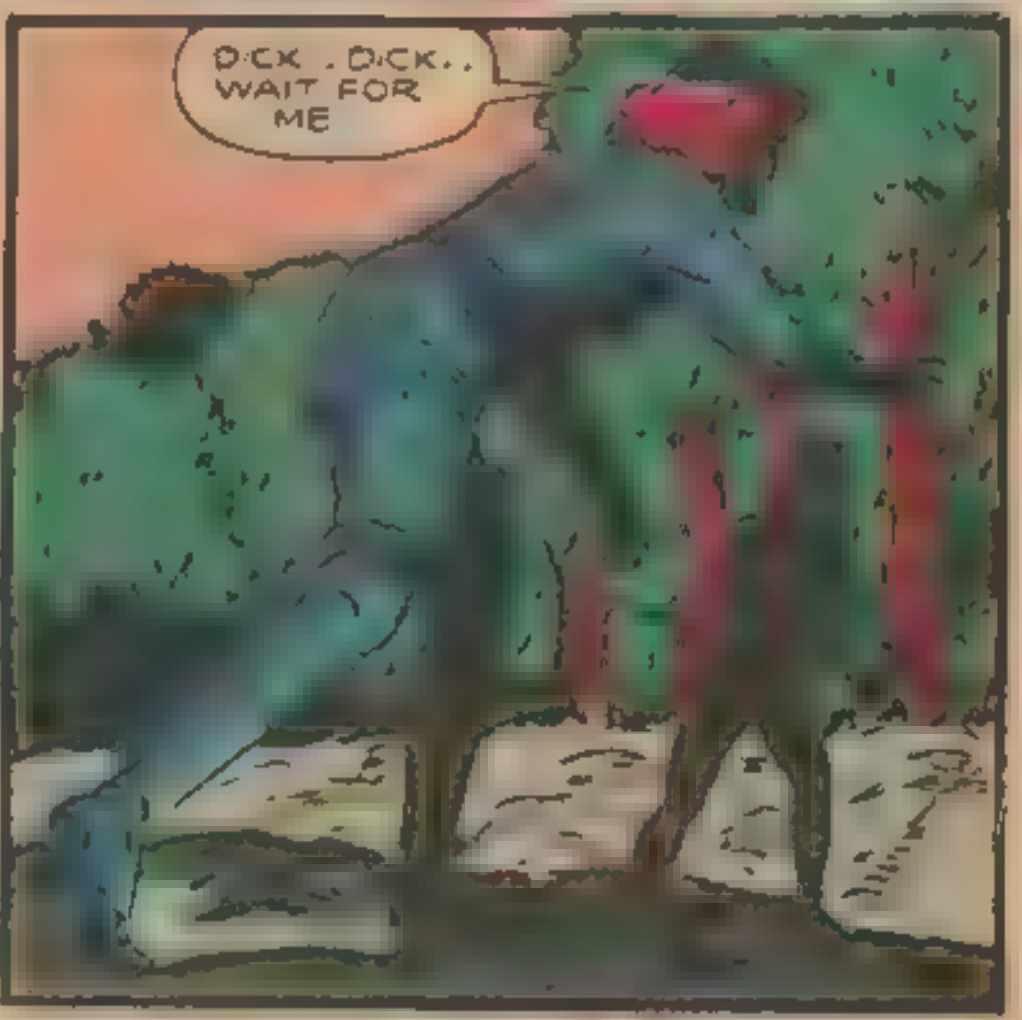
THE SIGNAL SIR DANIEL'S MEN! TO YOUR POSTS, MEN! WE'LL AMBUSH THEM!

COME, DICK, LET'S SPEED TO HOLYWOOD!
HOLYWOOD! NAY I MUST WARN THESE MEN OF THE AMBUSH!

BUT THEY ARE MY ENEMIES THEY'D TAKE ME TO SIR DANIEL!
WHAT YE'D HAVE ME BE A TRAITOR TO MY FRIENDS! GIVE ME MY CROSSBOW, I MUST HURRY!


BUT YE'D BREAK YOUR OATH TO SEE ME SAFE TO HOLYWOOD!
I CAN'T LEAVE THOSE MEN TO DIE. GIVE ME THE CROSSBOW!

IF YE WON'T GIVE IT TO ME I'LL TAKE IT BY FORCE!
OH, DICK!


DICK . DICK.. WAIT FOR ME

DON'T LEAVE ME DICK!
I HAVEN'T TIME TO QUARREL WITH YOU LAD FOLLOW IF YOU WISH

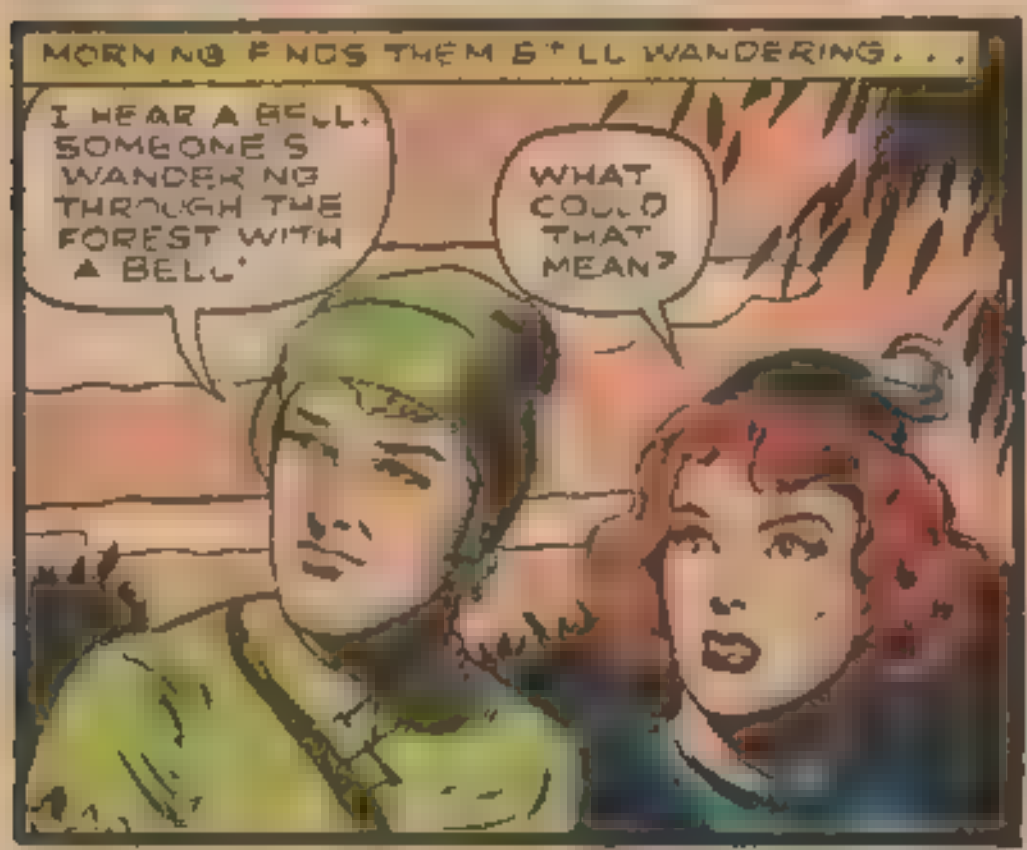
I HOPE THAT WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

THERE THEY ARE!
BEWARE DICK THE FORESTERS MAY BE IN HIDING!

THE TRAP! YOU SAVED ME FROM PUTTING MY HEAD IN THAT NOOSE!

HOURS LATER
IT'S LANCASTER THEY'VE BEEN BEATEN! SIR DANIEL HAS BEEN DEFEATED!
WE CAN'T LET THEM SEE US. DICK SIR DANIEL MAY COME ALONG WE'D BEST GET TO THE WOODS!

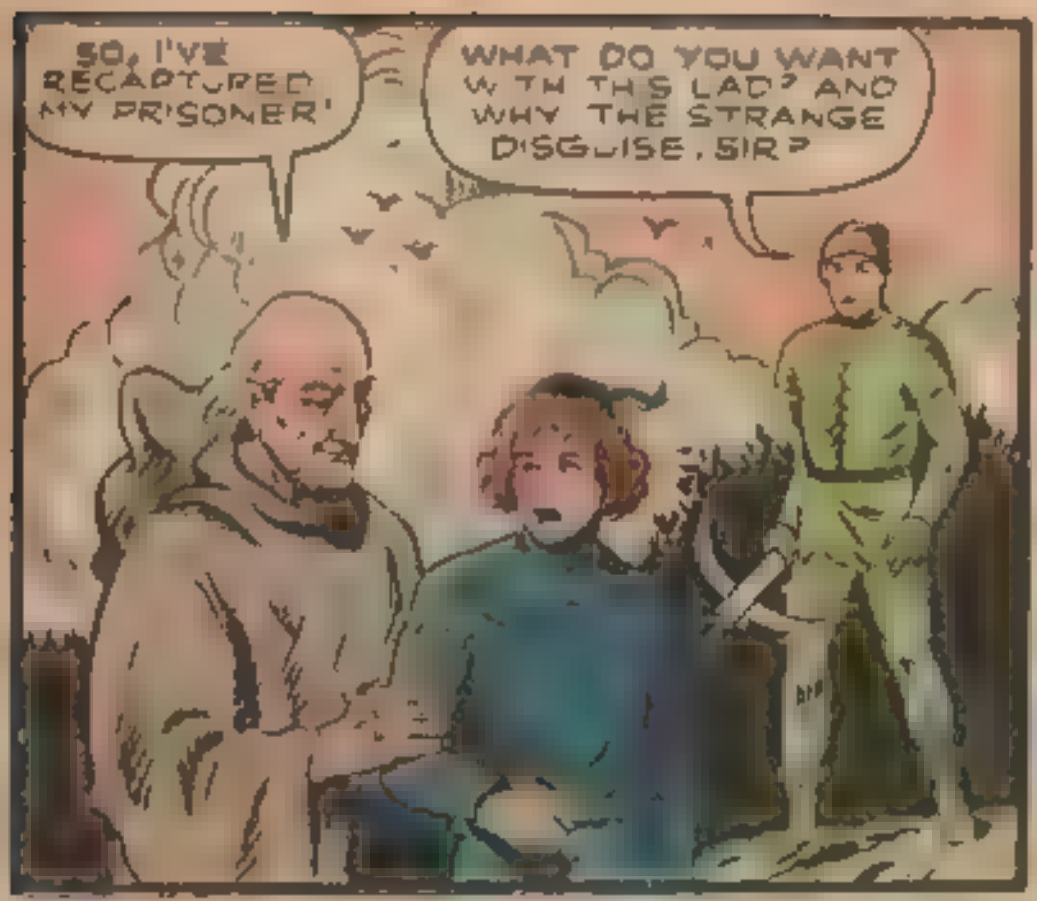
TRULY, 'TIS TOO DARK NOW TO SEE WHERE WE'RE GOING!
I'M TIRED!


MORNING FINDS THEM STILL WANDERING...
I HEAR A BELL. SOMEONE'S WANDERING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A BELL!
WHAT COULD THAT MEAN?

A LEPER
OH! LET'S RUN!

HOLD!
HELP, HELP!

RELEASE HIM OR...
DON'T DICK! IT'S I, SIR DANIEL!


SO, I'VE RECAPTURED MY PRISONER!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THIS LAD? AND WHY THE STRANGE DISGUISE, SIR?

ALL THINGS WILL BE EXPLAINED IN TIME LAD THE WOODS ARE FULL OF MY ENEMIES WITHOUT THIS DISGUISE I SOON HAVE AN ARROW IN MY BACK!
I UNDERSTAND SIR

WE MUST SPEED TO THE MOAT-HOUSE AND PREPARE THE BATTLE WENT AGAINST US AND IF WE CANNOT ARRANGE A PEACE WE SHALL BE BESIEGED IN OUR OWN HOUSE

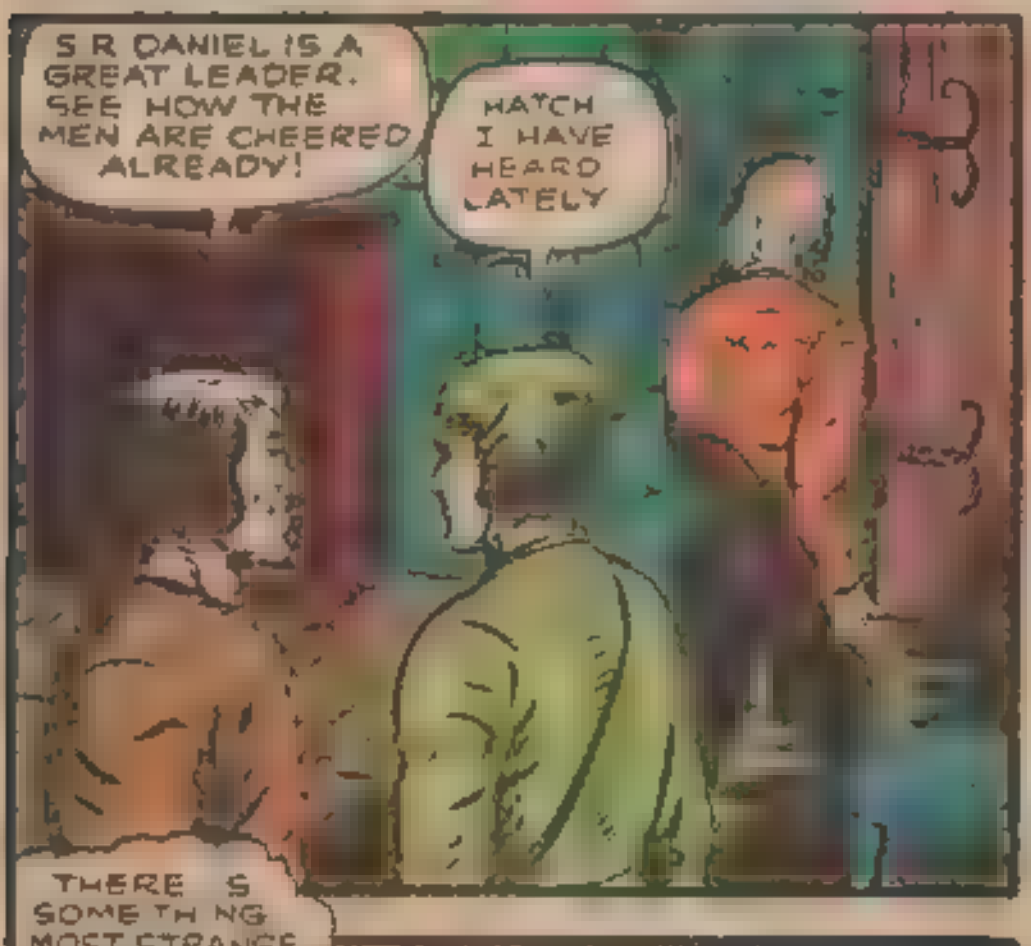
HO! OPEN! SIR DANIEL CALLS!

AH! THIS IS BETTER.. SAFER!

I WILL SEE YE LATER DICK I MUST GET MY PRISONER TO A SAFE PLACE
AS YE WILL SIR!

LATER S R DANIEL ADDRESSES HIS MEN
WITH LANCASTER BEING DOWNED WE MUST MAKE OUR PEACE WITH YORK AND CHANGE SIDES TO BE WITH THE WINNERS WHO'LL VOLUNTEER TO CARRY A MESSAGE THROUGH THE FOREST?

I'LL TAKE IT S R DANIEL
AH' GOOD, THROGMORTON I WILL WRITE A LETTER FOR YOU YOU CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL TONIGHT EVEN THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO EVADE THOSE ROGUES FROM THE FOREST. THEY MUSTN'T SEE YOU!


S R DANIEL IS A GREAT LEADER. SEE HOW THE MEN ARE CHEERED ALREADY!
HATCH I HAVE HEARD LATELY

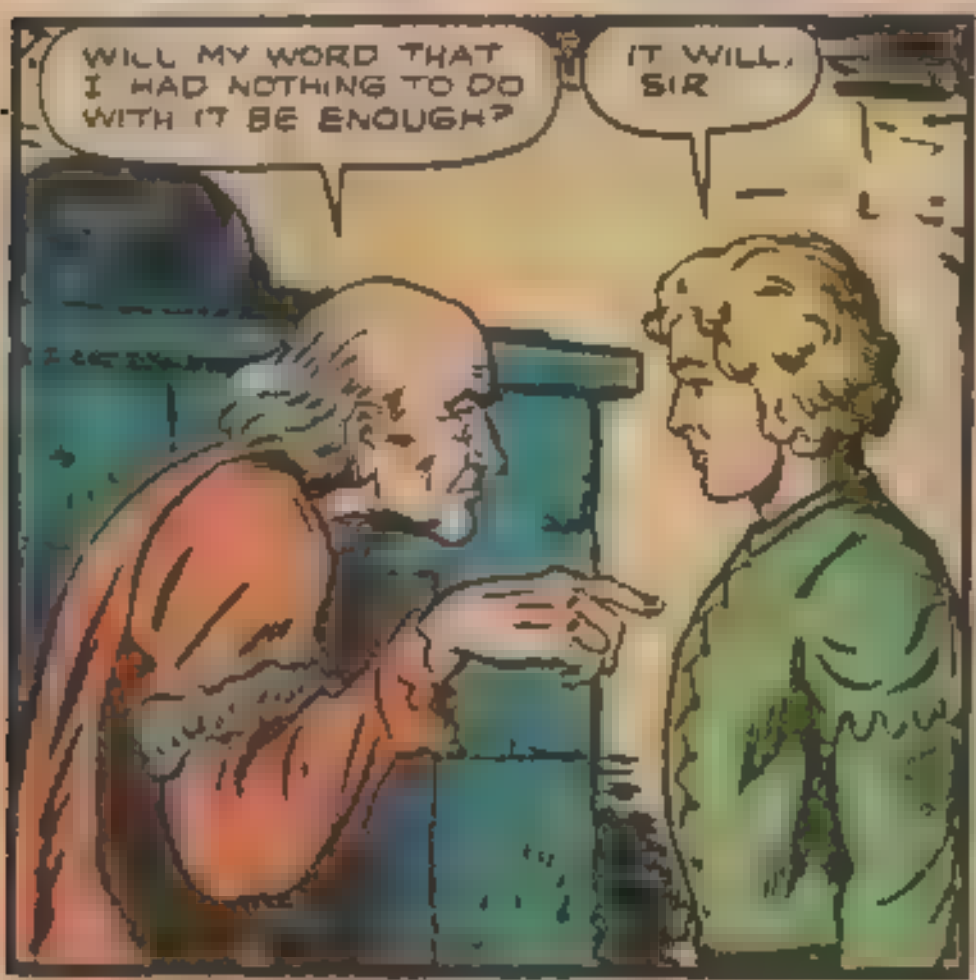
TO BE BLUNT HATCH I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE NATURE OF MY FATHER'S DEATH?
NAY ASK ME NOT THAT ASK CARTER, OR S R OLIVER

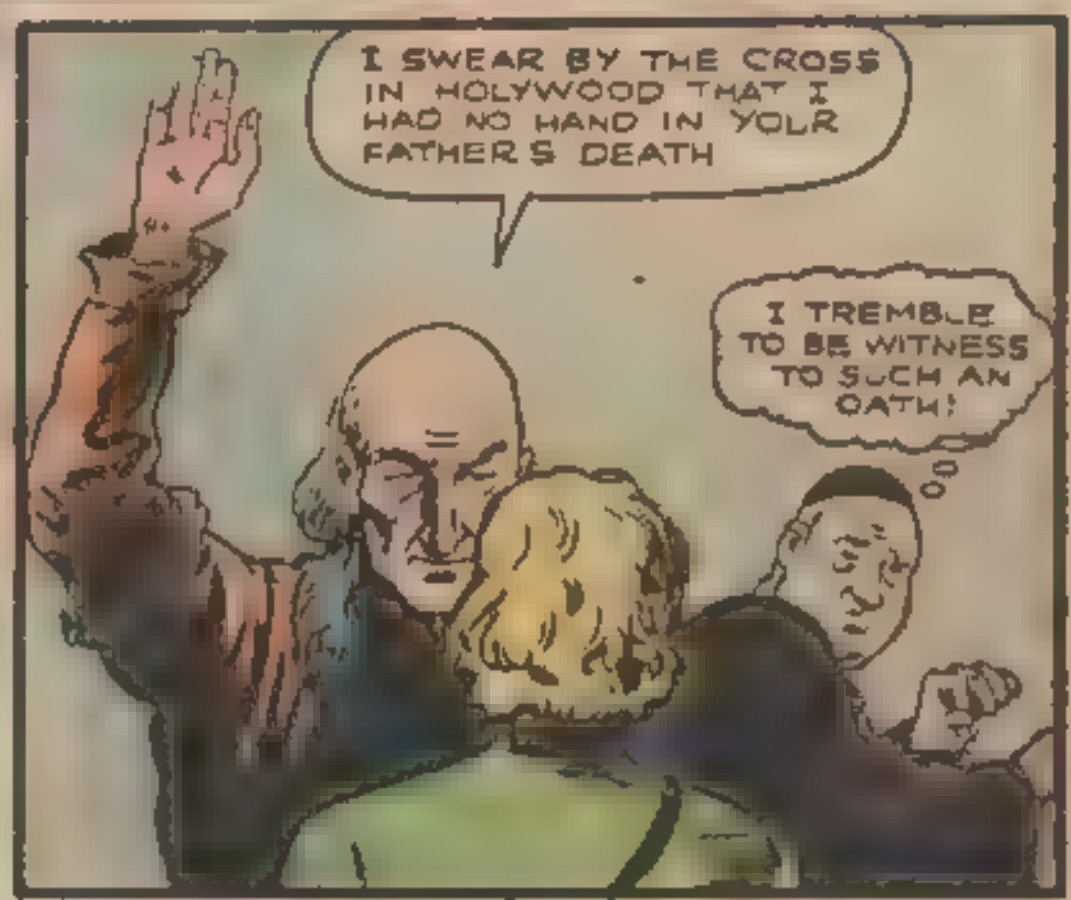
THERE'S SOMETHING MOST STRANGE HERE COULD THERE BE TRUTH IN JOHN AMENDS ALL'S WORDS THAT S R OLIVER KILLED

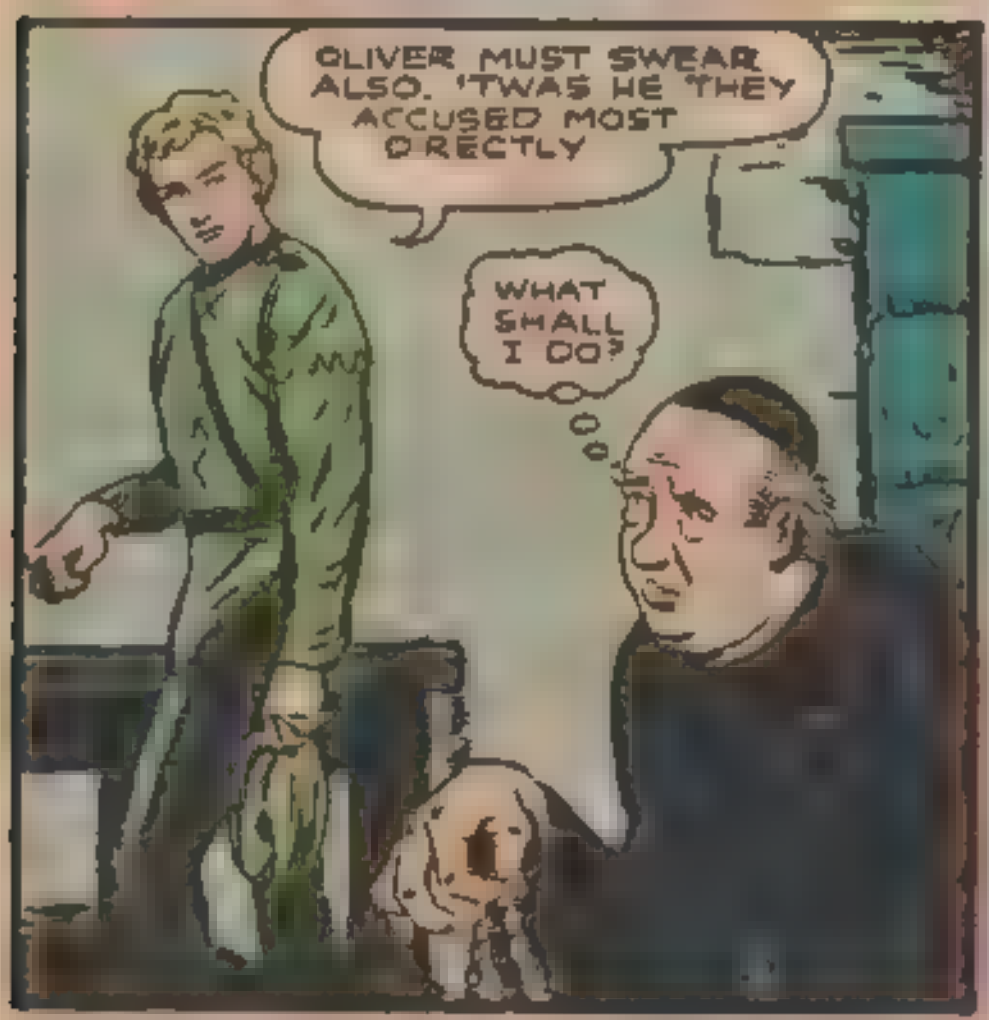
EVEN CARTER ON HIS DEATH BED REFUSES TO ANSWER
ASK YOU S R DANIEL I'LL SAY NOTHING
S R OLIVER'S BUT DANIEL'S SERVANT DID DANIEL HAVE A PART IN THIS?

THAT EVENING .
SIR DANIEL WANTS TO SEE YOU, MASTER RICHARD. LOOK, YOU KEEP A SMOOTH FACE WHEN HE QUESTIONS YOU
THANK YOU, HATCH

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR DICK? YE'VE BEEN ACCUSING ME OF KILLING YOUR FATHER TO YOUR MEN. WHAT SORT OF GRATITUDE IS THIS LAD?
ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS HOW HE DID DIE JUST A RESOLUTION OF MY DOUBTS'

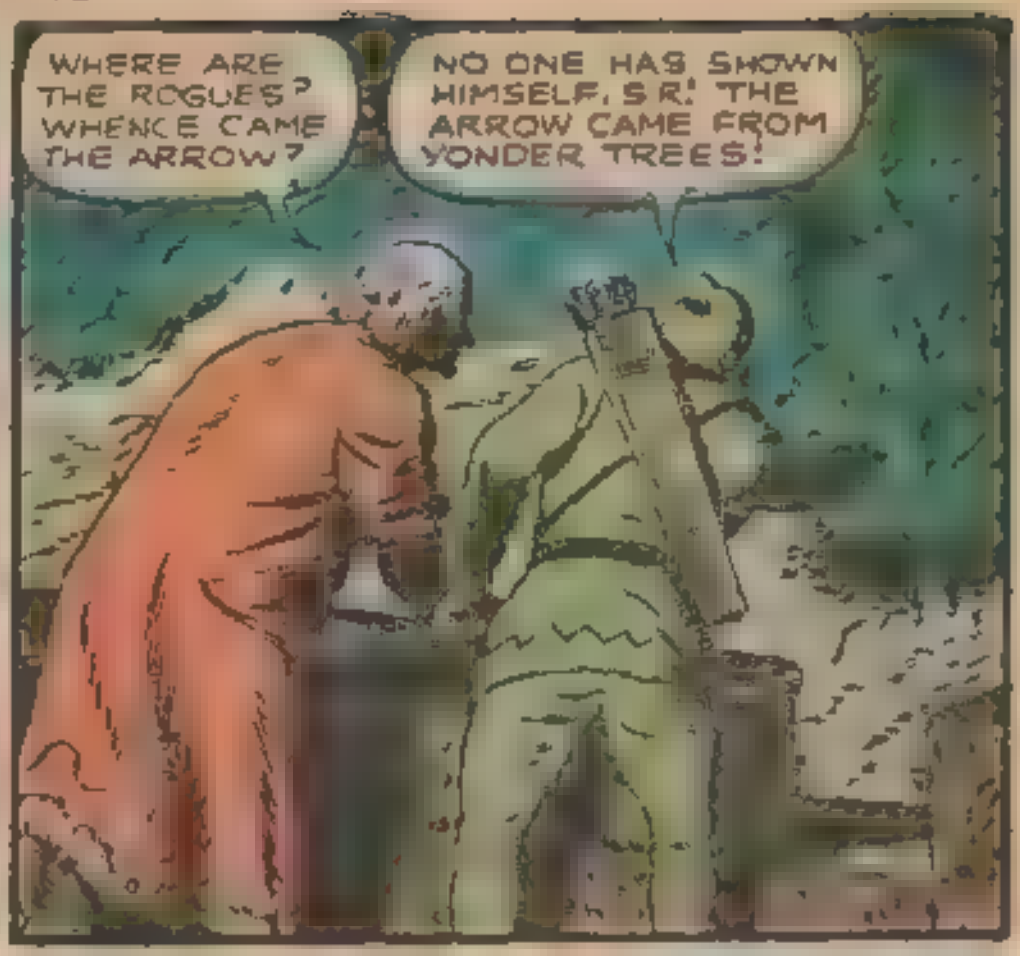

WILL MY WORD THAT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT BE ENOUGH?
IT WILL, SIR


I SWEAR BY THE CROSS IN HOLYWOOD THAT I HAD NO HAND IN YOUR FATHER'S DEATH
I TREMBLE TO BE WITNESS TO SUCH AN OATH!


OLIVER MUST SWEAR ALSO. 'TWAS HE THEY ACCUSED MOST DIRECTLY
WHAT SHALL I DO?

SWEAR OLIVER TAKE AN OATH.
LOOK OUT! AN ARROW!
NO! NO.

TO THE WALLS WE RE ATTACKED!
OHHHH!

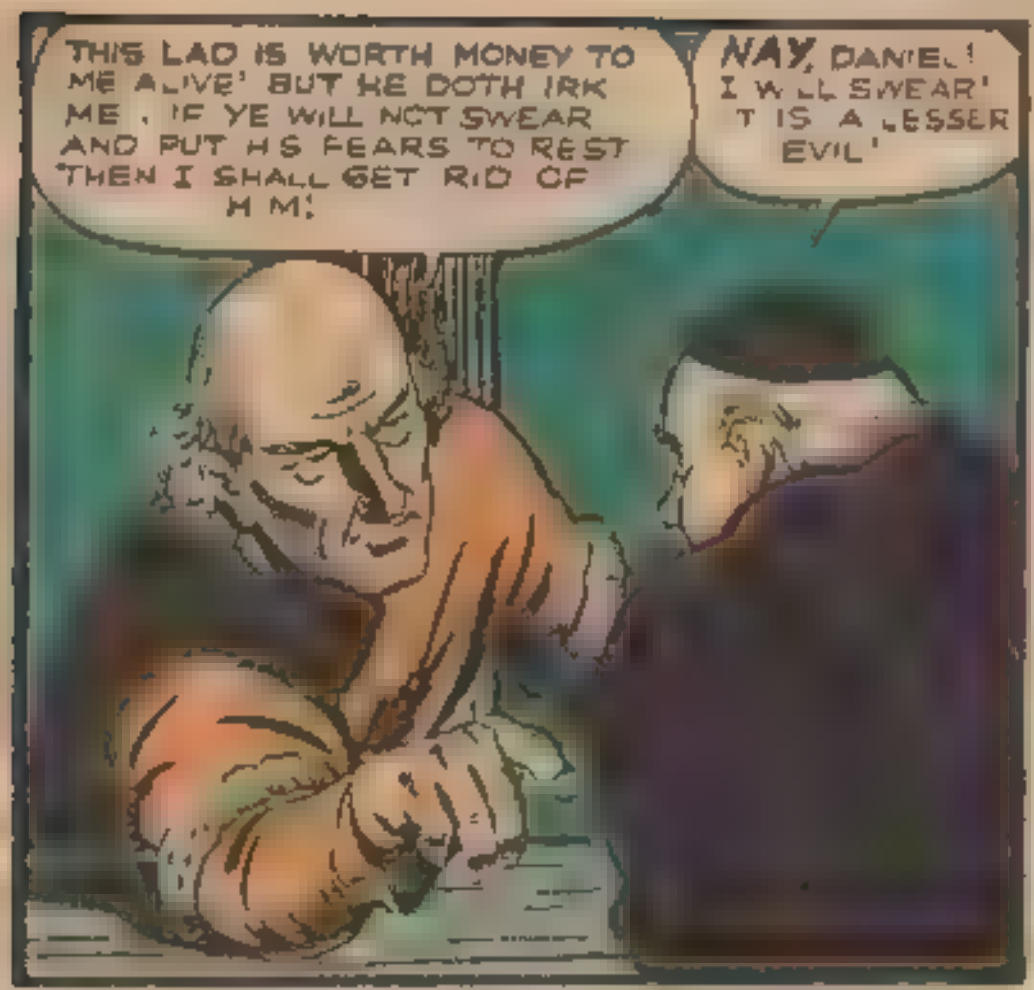

WHERE ARE THE ROGUES? WHENCE CAME THE ARROW?
NO ONE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF, S R! THE ARROW CAME FROM YONDER TREES!

KEEP AN EYE UPON THESE MEN DICK AND WORRY NOT S R OLIVER WILL G VE YE H S OATH
I W LL, SIR.

AH! HERE IT IS! A BLACK ARROW!
S R DANIEL YE ARE CURSED FOR THAT OATH!

SO THEY KNOW I M HERE? WELL THEY DARE NOT ATTACK THE MOAT-HOUSE WE RE SAFE ENOUGH FROM THEM
OH, DANIEL.

'TWAS A DREADFUL OATH YE SWORE.
AND YOU SIR OLIVER WILL SWEAR A GREATER OATH!


THIS LAD IS WORTH MONEY TO ME ALIVE' BUT HE DOTH IRK ME . IF YE WILL NOT SWEAR AND PUT HIS FEARS TO REST THEN I SHALL GET RID OF HIM!
NAY, DANIEL! I WILL SWEAR' 'T IS A LESSER EVIL'

THAT EVENING IN THE CHAPEL
DICK.. BY THE CROSS OF HOLYWOOD . I SWEAR THAT . I KNOW NAUGHT OF YOUR FATHER MURDER'
ARE YE AFRAID OF SOMETHING MAN? WHY LOOK YE ABOUT SO WILDLY?

IT'S IT'S NOTHING . EXCUSE ME.
WHERE ARE YE GOING?

NOW I AM CERTAIN SIR DANIEL KILLED MY FATHER..AND OLIVER HELPED HIM DO IT.. AH' IF I HAD KNOWN THIS..

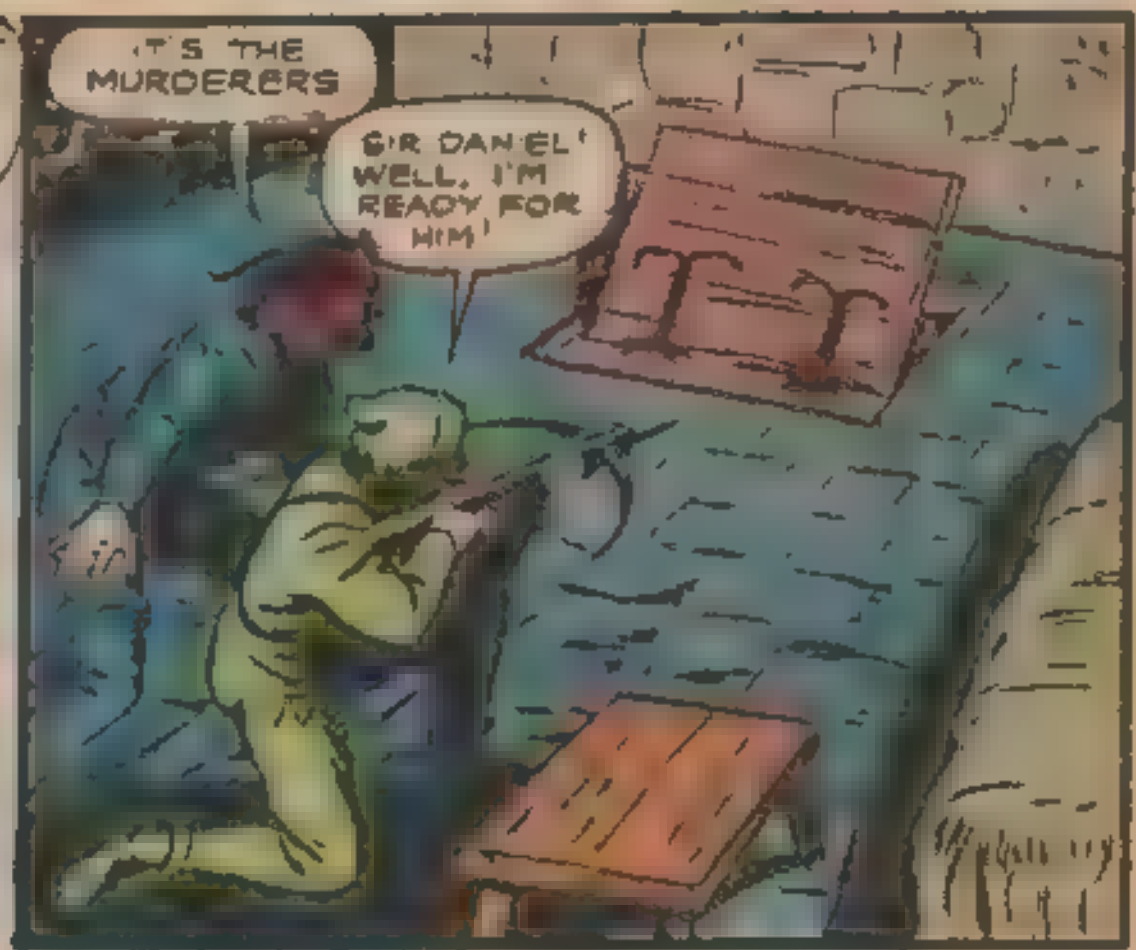
HA THERE WAS SOMEONE WATCHING FROM BEHIND THAT TAPESTRY THIS WAS A TRIAL SIR DANIEL KNOWS THEN THAT I AM SUSPICIOUS. AND

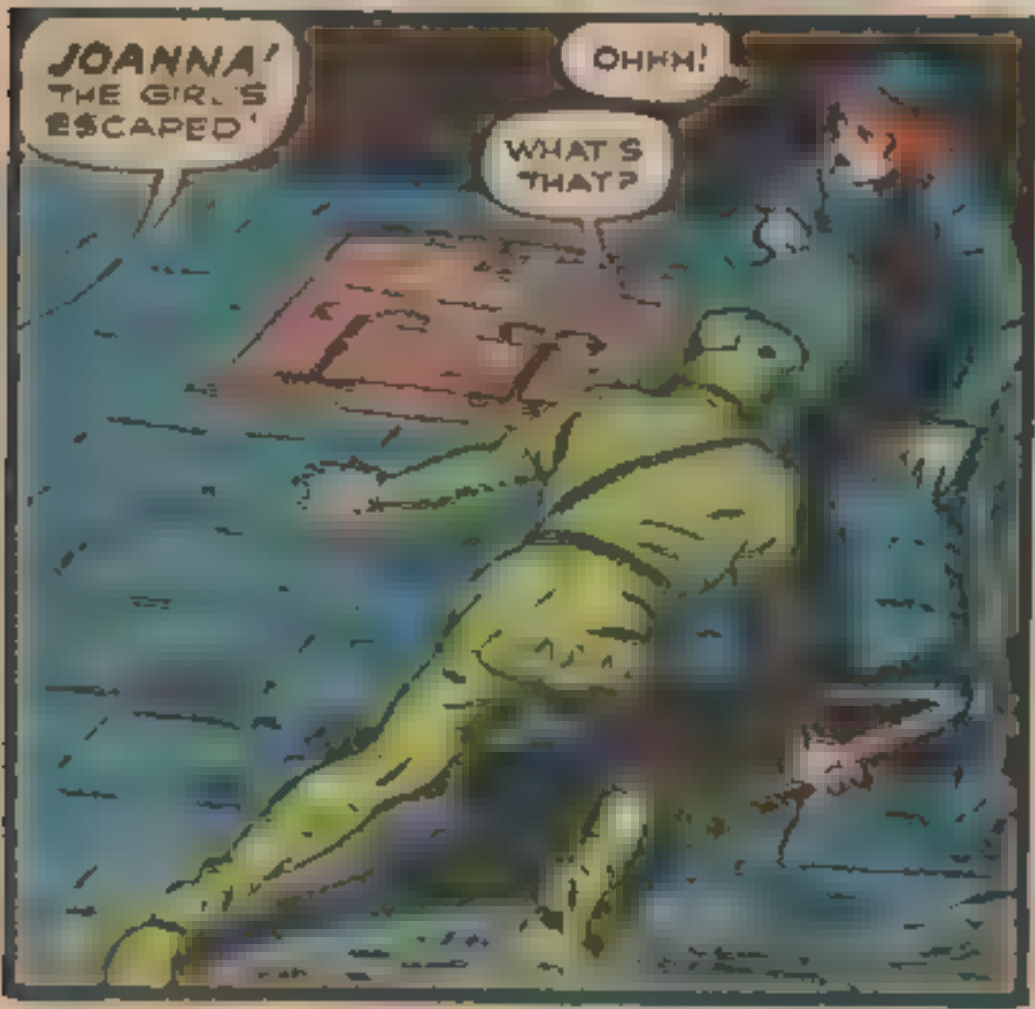
A FEW MINUTES LATER
MASTER SHELTON SIR DANIEL HAS ORDERED THAT YE SPEND THE NIGHT IN A ROOM ABOVE THE CHAPEL
THANK YOU MAN
A ROOM OVER THE CHAPEL. THEY MEAN TO MURDER ME!

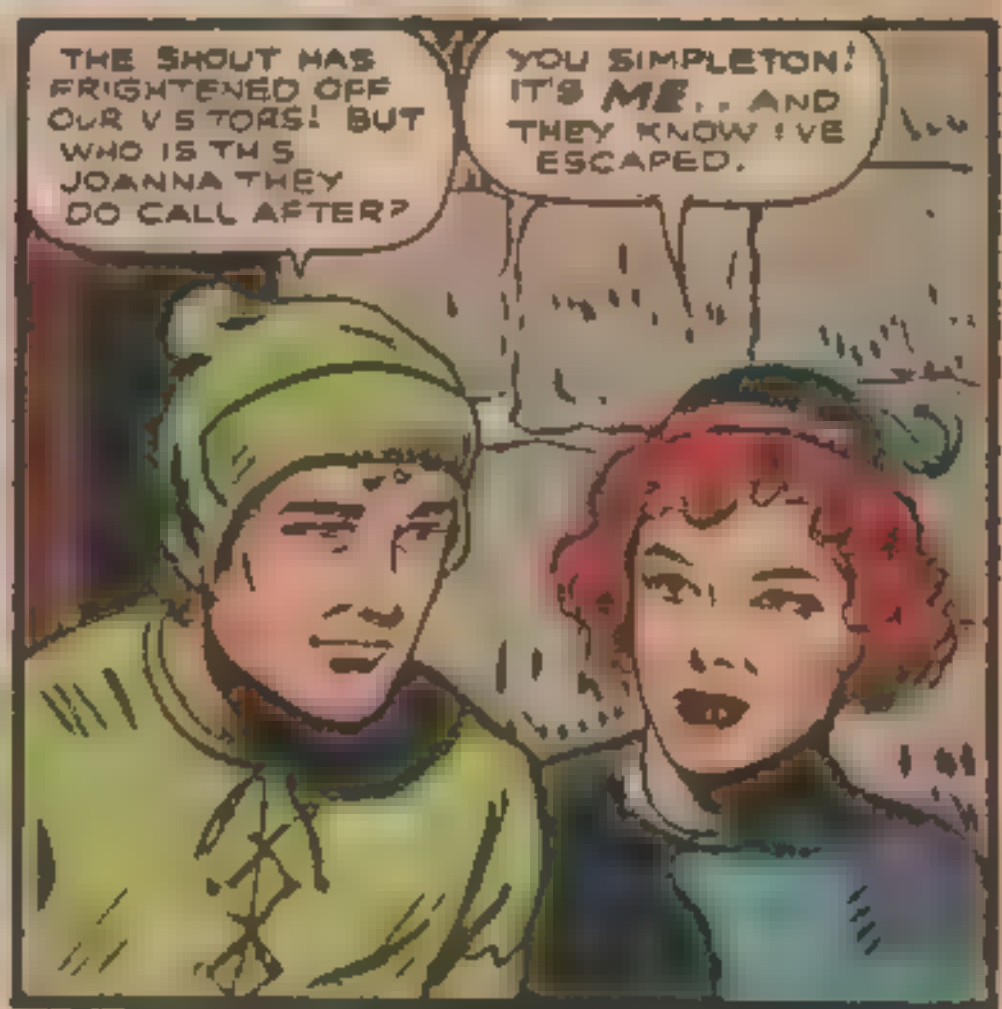
LATER THAT NIGHT
WHO IS IT THAT KNOCKS?
OPEN! 'T'S JACK MATCHAM!

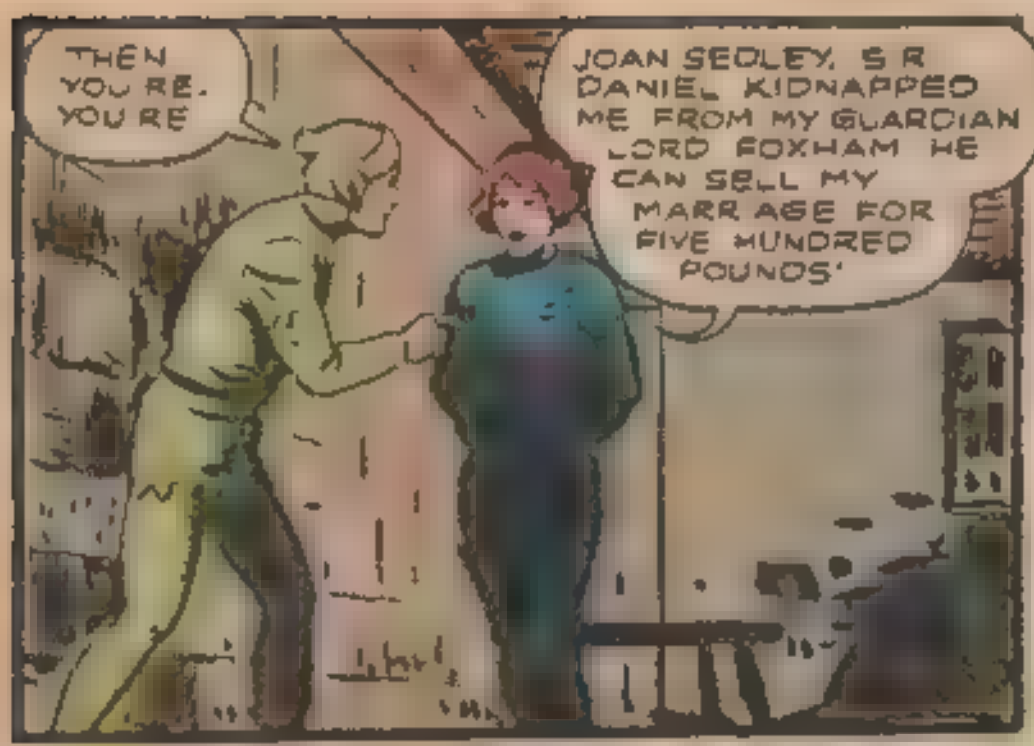
QUICKLY! I HAVE BAD NEWS!
WHAT IS IT? WHERE HAVE YE BEEN, LAD?

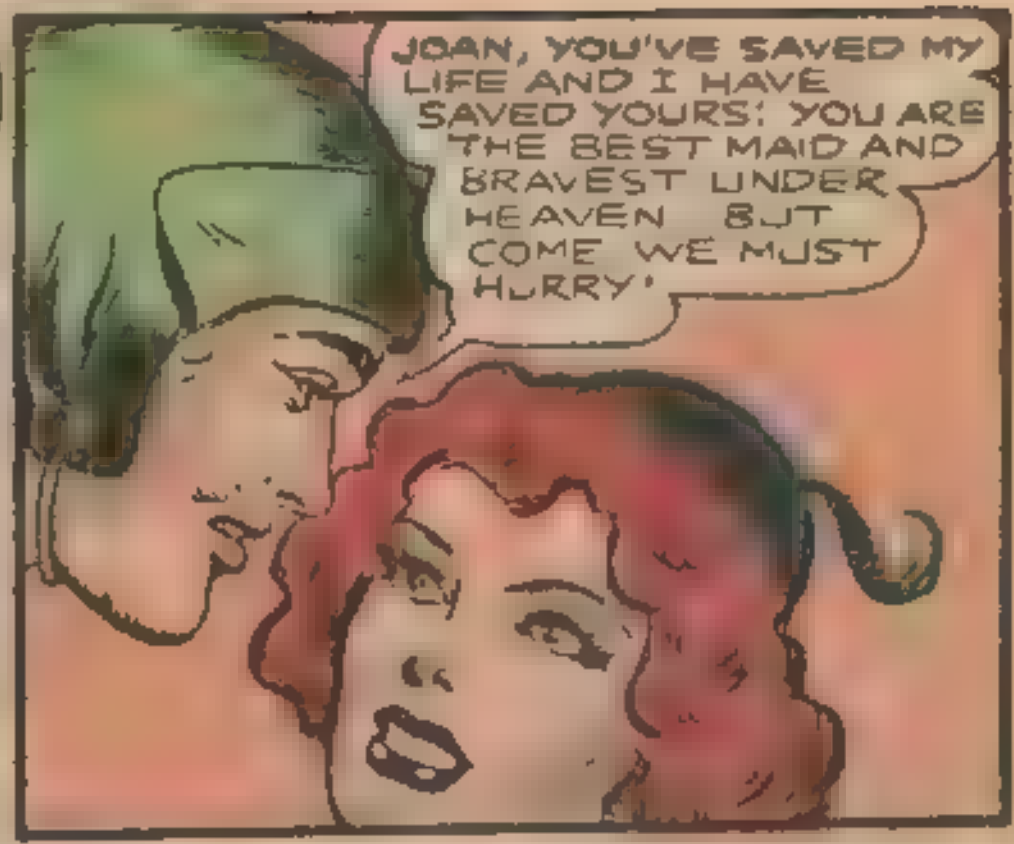
I HEARD THEM PLAN TO KILL YOU.. TONIGHT
I DID SUSPECT THAT JACK! SHHH! WHAT'S THAT? FOOTSTEPS!


'T'S THE MURDERERS
SIR DAN'EL! WELL, I'M READY FOR HIM!

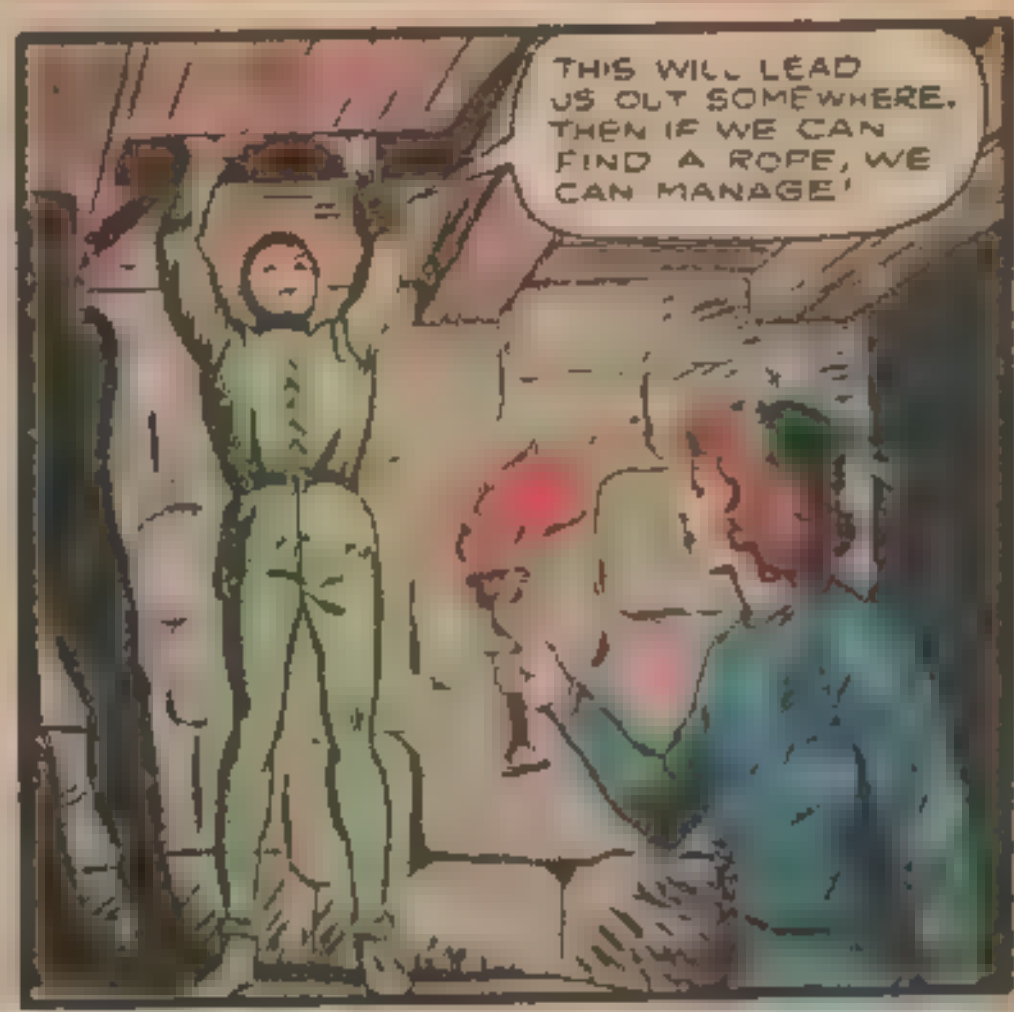

JOANNA! THE GIRL'S ESCAPED!
OHHH!
WHAT'S THAT?


THE SHOUT HAS FRIGHTENED OFF OUR VISITORS! BUT WHO IS THIS JOANNA THEY DO CALL AFTER?
YOU SIMPLETON! IT'S ME.. AND THEY KNOW I'VE ESCAPED.


THEN YOU RE. YOU RE
JOAN SEDLEY, S R DANIEL KIDNAPPED ME FROM MY GUARDIAN LORD FOXHAM HE CAN SELL MY MARR AGE FOR FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS'


JOAN, YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE AND I HAVE SAVED YOURS: YOU ARE THE BEST MAID AND BRAVEST UNDER HEAVEN BUT COME WE MUST HURRY'

THEY ... COME LOOKING FOR YOU HERE THIS IS THE BEST WAY OUT!
IF WE CAN FIND THAT ROOM BELOW FROM WHICH THROGMORTON, SIR DANIEL'S MESSENGER, SLIPPED OUT.


THIS WILL LEAD US OUT SOMEWHERE. THEN IF WE CAN FIND A ROPE, WE CAN MANAGE'

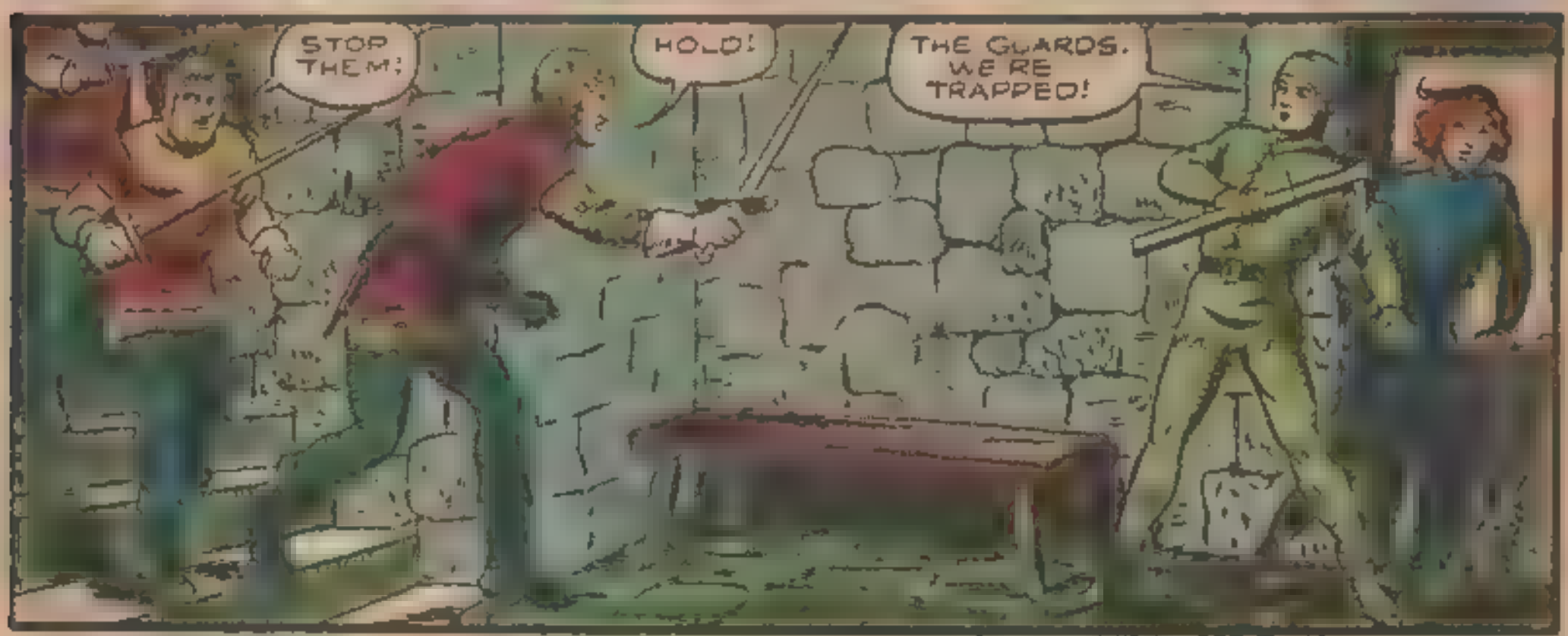
LUCKY FOR US THAT SIR DANIEL LEFT THIS TORCH BEHIND HIM WATCH YOUR STEP, JOAN!
LOOK' WHAT'S THAT AHEAD?

THE END OF THE PASSAGE!

OH, DICK, IT'S DOWN SO FAR.. I CAN'T...
YOU MUST!

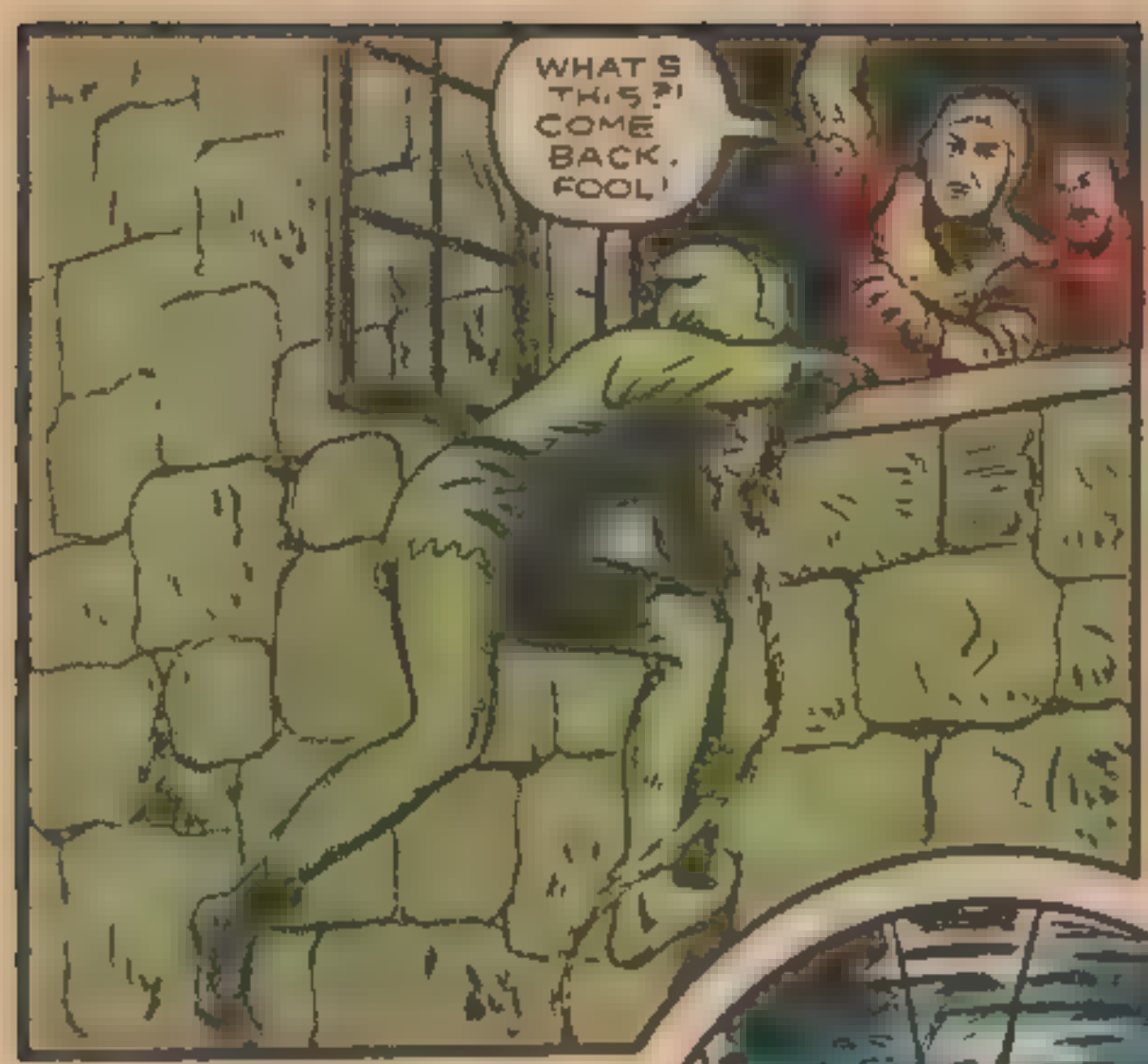
A PLAGUE! I DROPPED THE COIL OF ROPE. THE GUARDS WILL HEAR!

COME, NOW, JOAN. QUICKLY! WE MUST ESCAPE
I, I CAN'T, DICK YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ALONE. HURRY BEFORE THE GUARDS COME!


STOP THEM!
HOLD!
THE GUARDS. WE'RE TRAPPED!

YOU'LL NOT TAKE US THAT EASY!
GET THE GIRL!

WHY FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED KNAVE?
I'LL FIGHT AS LONG AS I STILL BREATHE!


WHAT'S THIS?! COME BACK, FOOL!

I'VE GOT ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!

OHH! MY SHOULDER!

I DARE NOT TARRY.. MY WOUND THROBS SORELY BUT I MUST MOVE DEEPER INTO THE FOREST

WEARY AND IN PAIN DICK WALKS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT. THEN THE DAWN'S COLD LIGHT HOLDS A GRIM SURPRISE FOR HIM

WHY, IT'S THROGMORTON, THE MESSENGER!

I'LL NOT LEAVE HIM HANGING HERE

SIR DANIEL'S LETTER TO YORK!

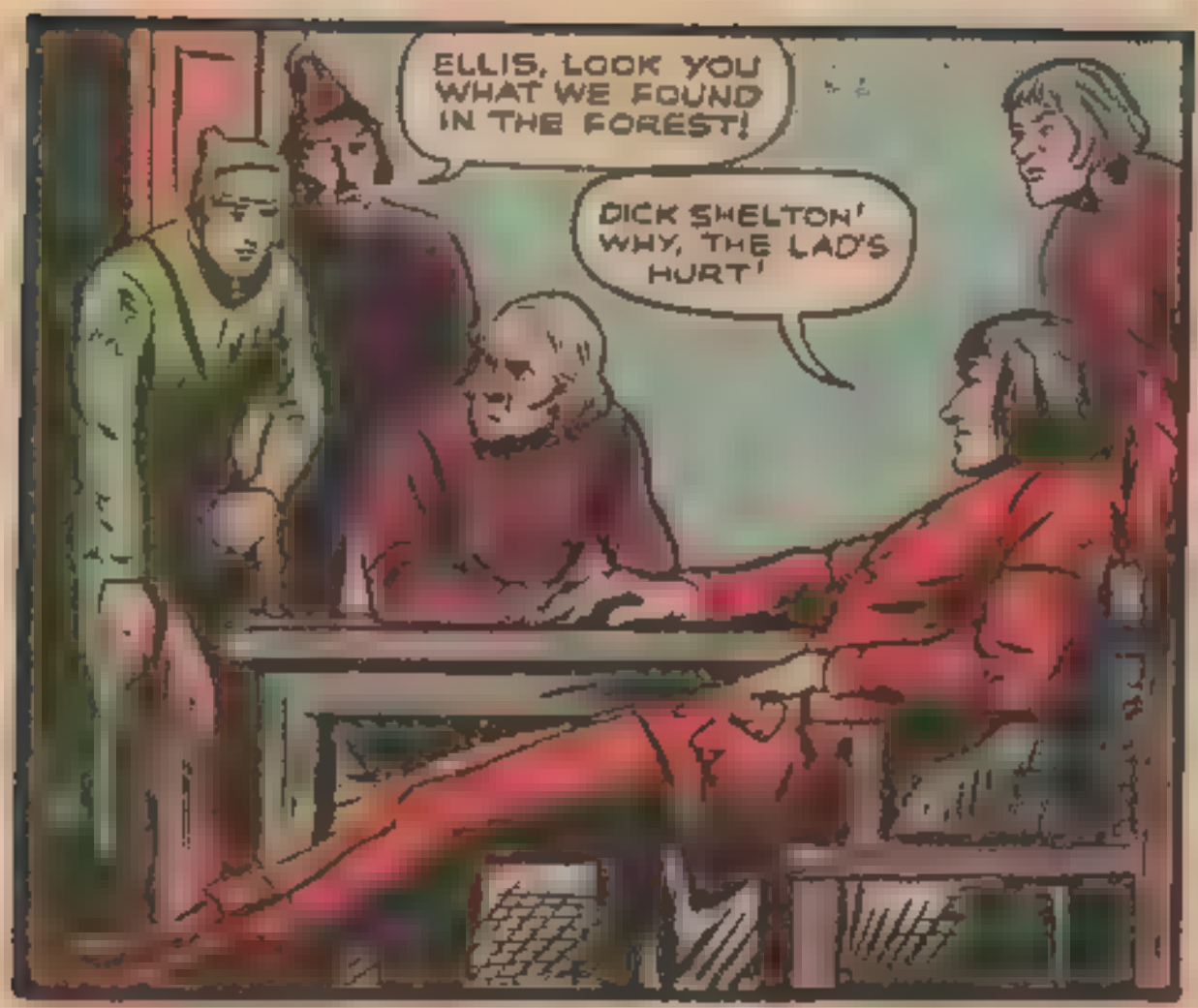
I'LL HOLD THIS IF TIMES CHANGE AND LANCASTER WINS AGAIN. I'LL USE IT TO HAVE SIR DANIEL HUNG

IN THE NAME OF THE OUTLAWS, HALT!

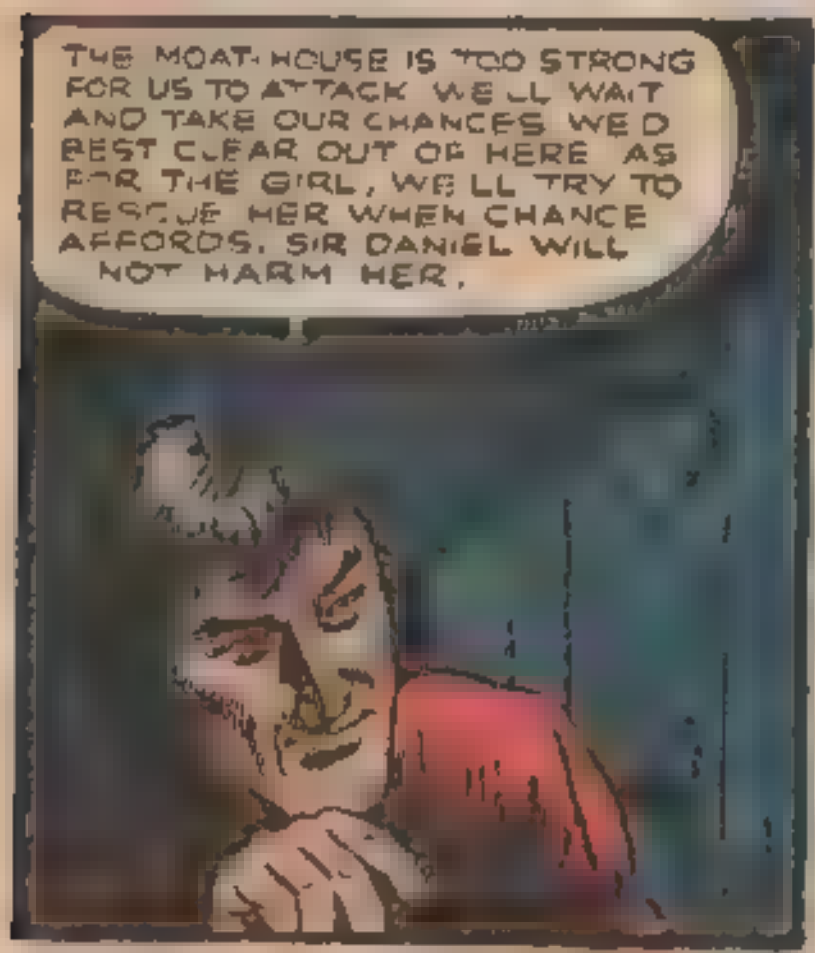
WHY, IT'S DICK SHELTON! WE'LL HARM HIM NOT!

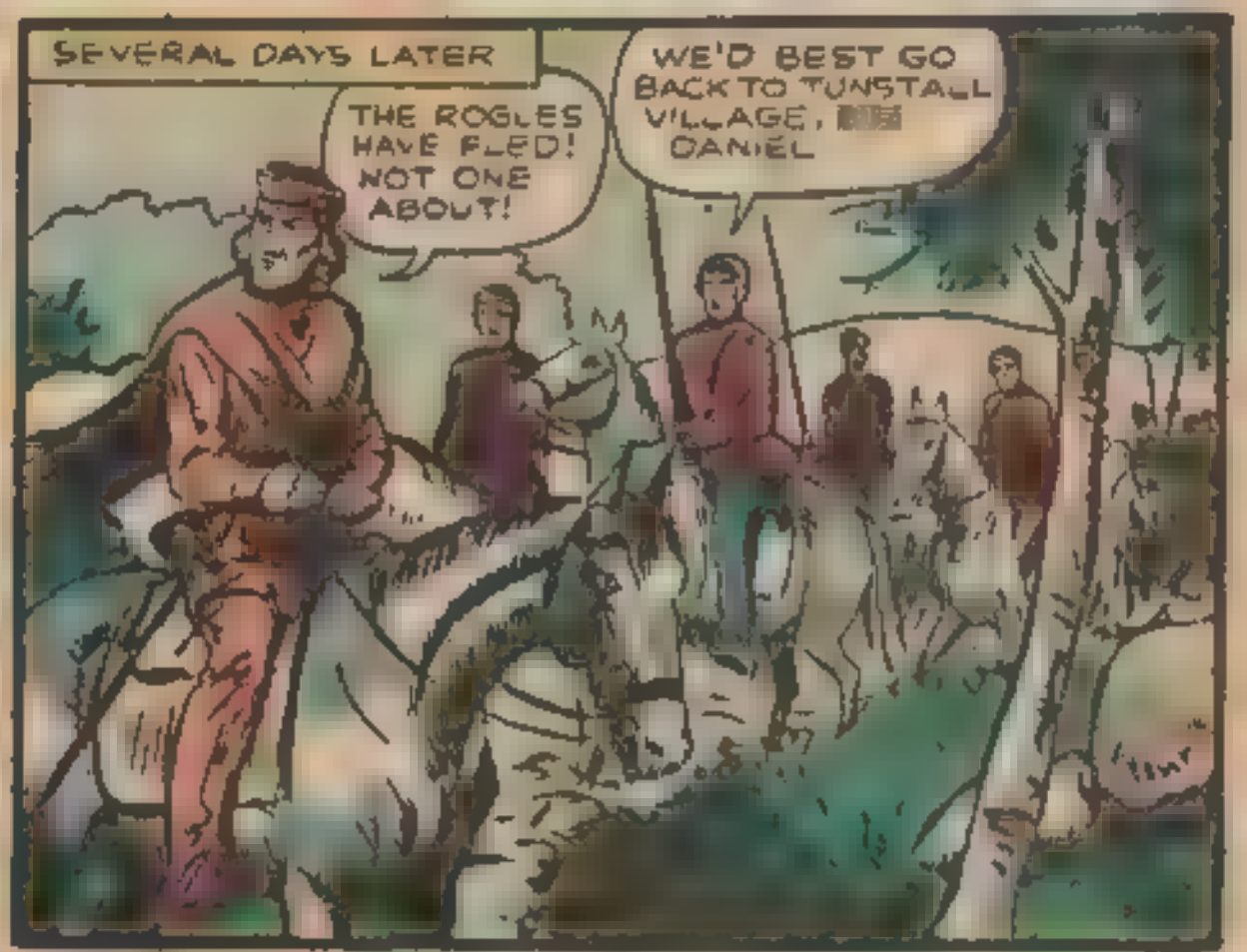
I'M TOO WEARY TO FIGHT YE

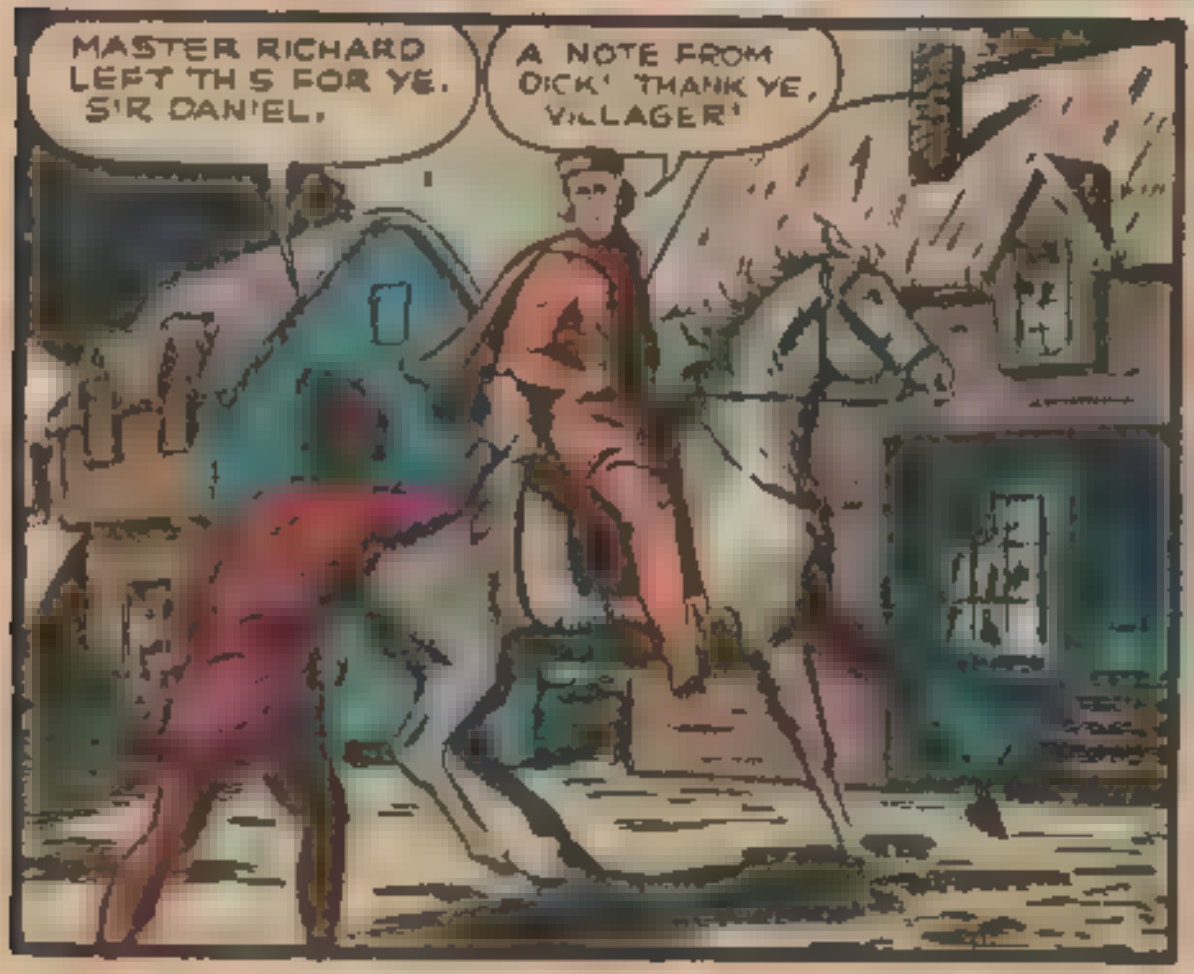
NAY, LAD, THERE'S NO REASON TO FIGHT. COME ALONG, ELLIS DUCKWORTH WILL BE JOYED TO SEE YOU!

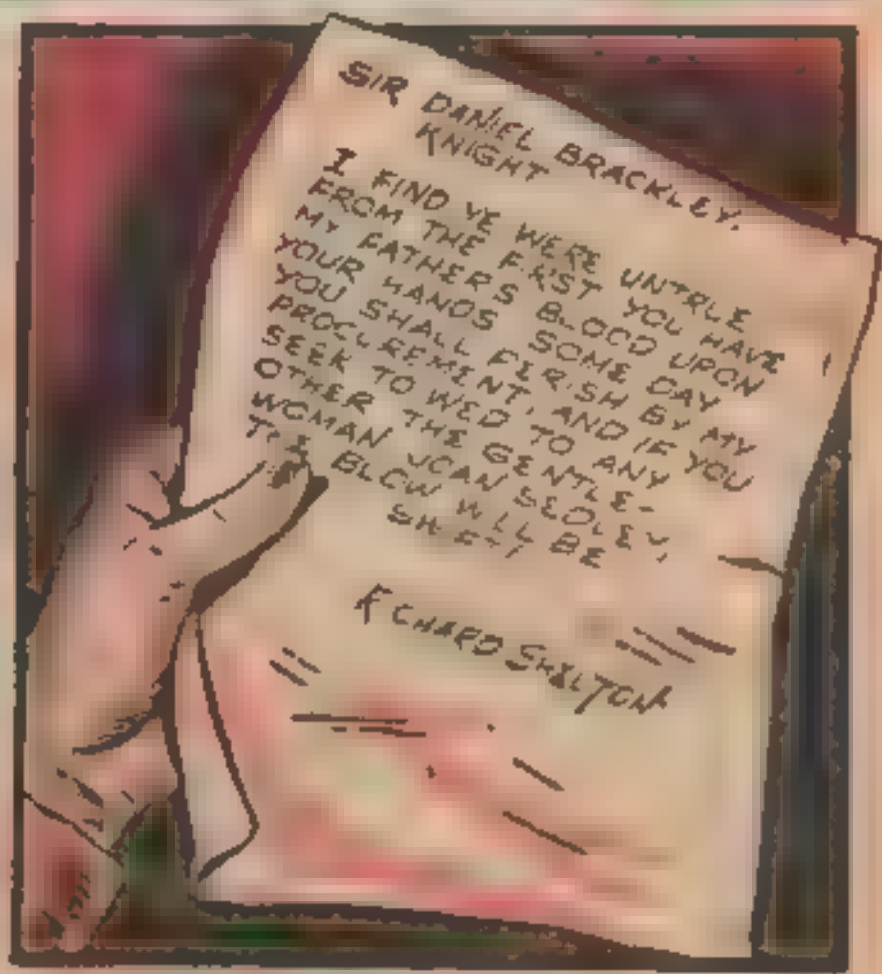

ELLIS, LOOK YOU WHAT WE FOUND IN THE FOREST!
DICK SHELTON! WHY, THE LAD'S HURT!

DICK TELLS ELLIS DUCKWORTH HIS STORY...
...AND SO I ESCAPED!
I WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO YOUR FATHER, DICK. YOU RE RIGHT. IT WAS SIR DANIEL WHO KILLED HIM. IN THE VERY ROOM HE WOULD HAVE MURDERED YOU.


THE MOAT-HOUSE IS TOO STRONG FOR US TO ATTACK WE'LL WAIT AND TAKE OUR CHANCES. WE'D BEST CLEAR OUT OF HERE. AS FOR THE GIRL, WE'LL TRY TO RESCUE HER WHEN CHANCE AFFORDS. SIR DANIEL WILL NOT HARM HER.


SEVERAL DAYS LATER
THE ROGUES HAVE FLED! NOT ONE ABOUT!
WE'D BEST GO BACK TO TUNSTALL VILLAGE, SIR DANIEL


MASTER RICHARD LEFT THIS FOR YE, SIR DANIEL.
A NOTE FROM DICK! THANK YE, VILLAGER!


SIR DANIEL BRACKLEY, KNIGHT
I FIND YE WERE UNTRUE FROM THE FIRST. YOU HAVE MY FATHERS BLOOD UPON YOUR HANDS. SOME DAY YOU SHALL PERISH BY MY PROCUREMENT, AND IF YOU SEEK TO WED TO ANY OTHER THE GENTLE-WOMAN JOAN SLOVEY, THE BLOW WILL BE SWIFT
RICHARD SHELTON

A MONTH HAS PASSED THE TIDES OF WAR HAVE CHANGED AND LANCASTER IS AGAIN VICTORIOUS. SIR DANIEL AND OTHER NOBLES OWING ALLEGIANCE TO LANCASTER ARE ENCAMPED AT SHORESBY AND THE TOWN IS IN A FESTIVE MOOD.

DICK AND A NUMBER OF HIS FORESTER FRIENDS ARE PRESENT... TO WATCH SIR DANIEL...
DICK! I'VE BAD NEWS FOR YE!
OUT WITH IT, MAN!

SIR DANIEL SETS OUT FROM TOWN AGAIN TONIGHT WITH FOUR ARCHERS AND TWO TORCHBEARERS
ASSEMBLE, MEN! THIS TIME WE'LL FOLLOW HIM FOR SURE!

THERE THEY GO, UP AHEAD!
THREE NIGHTS SIR DANIEL CAME THIS WAY! THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE WIND!

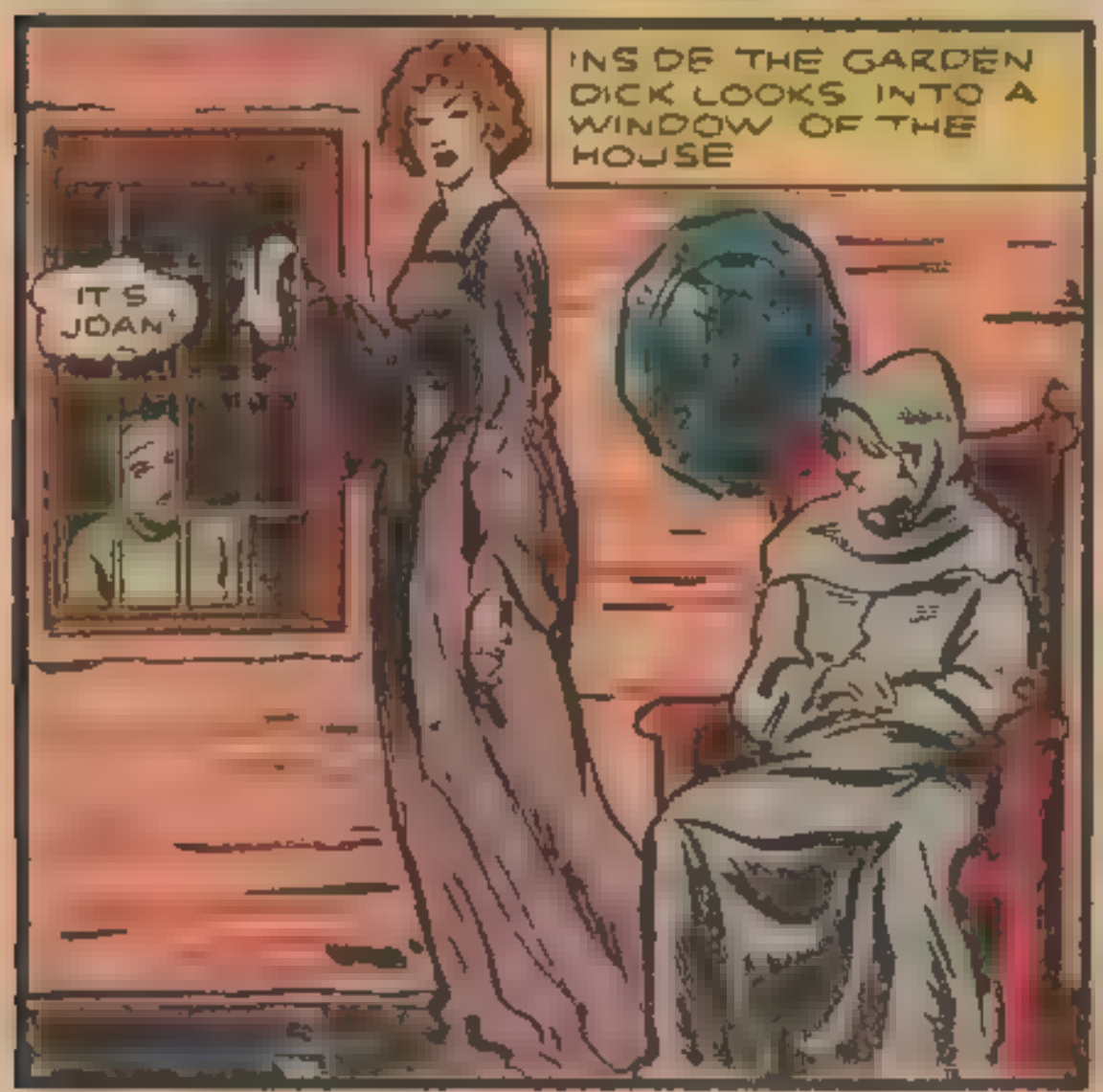
SIR DANIEL'S PARTY STOPPED AT A HOUSE NEAR THE SEA.
LOOK! SOMEONE ELSE COMES!

AS THE SECOND PARTY ARRIVES
MY LORD SHOREBY! JUST ON TIME!
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE MUST COME THIS FAR FROM SHOREBY

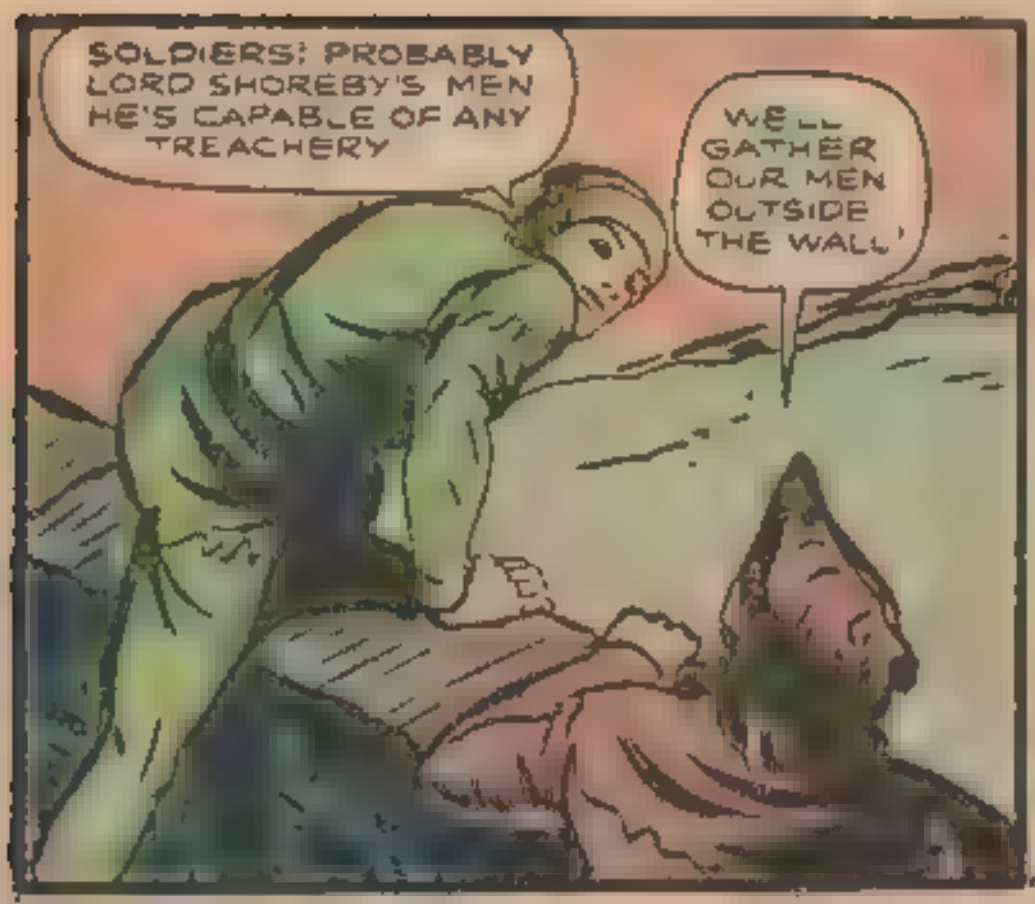
LET IT BE BUT KNOWN ABROAD THAT YE ARE TO MARRY JOANNA SEDLEY AND WE BOTH FIND ARROWS THROUGH OUR BACKS!

LATER
THERE THEY GO, LAWLESS. NOW I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK INSIDE THIS PLACE!

A LITTLE HIGHER PUSH!
EASY, LAD, EASY!

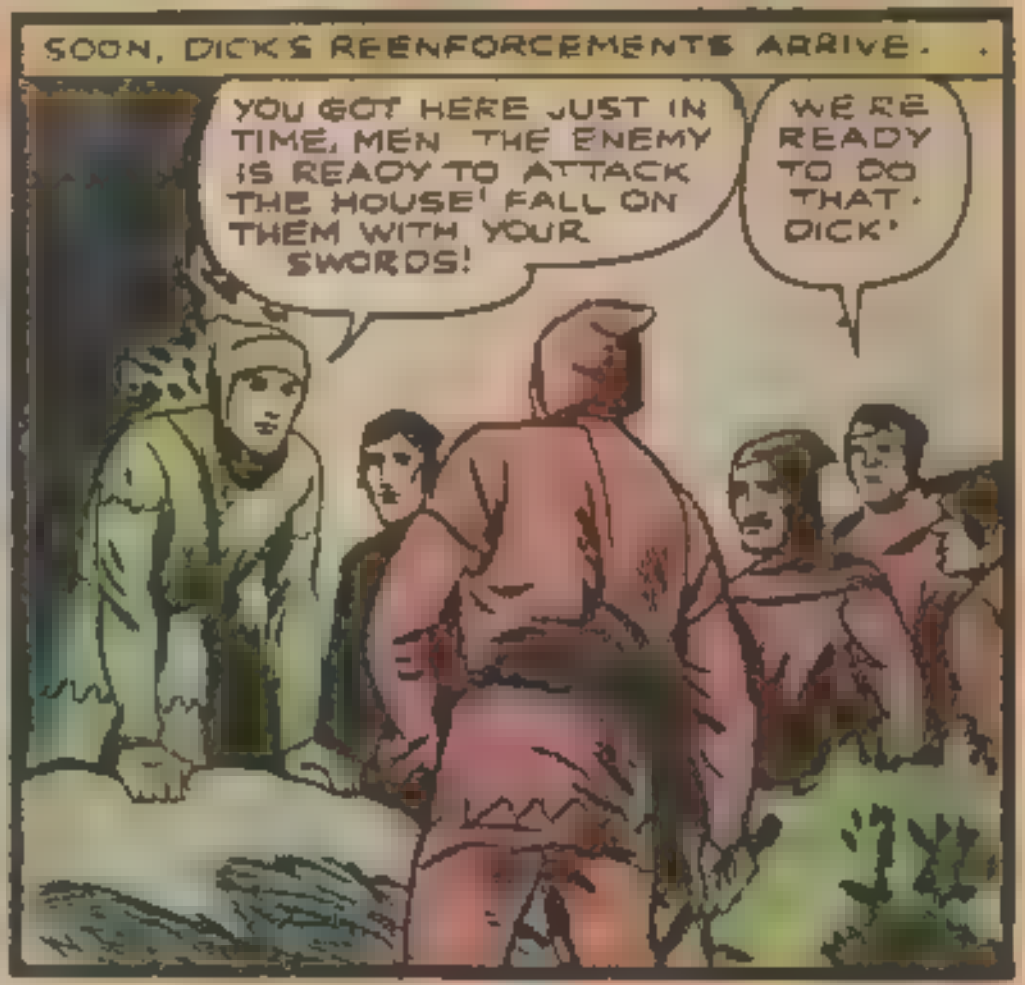

INSIDE THE GARDEN DICK LOOKS INTO A WINDOW OF THE HOUSE
IT'S JOAN!

PSST! DICK! COME QUICKLY. THERE ARE OTHERS WATCHING THE HOUSE BESIDES OURSELVES!


SOLDIERS! PROBABLY LORD SHOREBY'S MEN HE'S CAPABLE OF ANY TREACHERY
WE'LL GATHER OUR MEN OUTSIDE THE WALL!

WE NEED HELP YOU, THERE! GET BACK TO SHOREBY AT ALL SPEED! IF THESE SOLDIER'S ARE LORD SHOREBY'S MEN WE MUST SAVE JOAN FROM THEM!
YES, SIR!

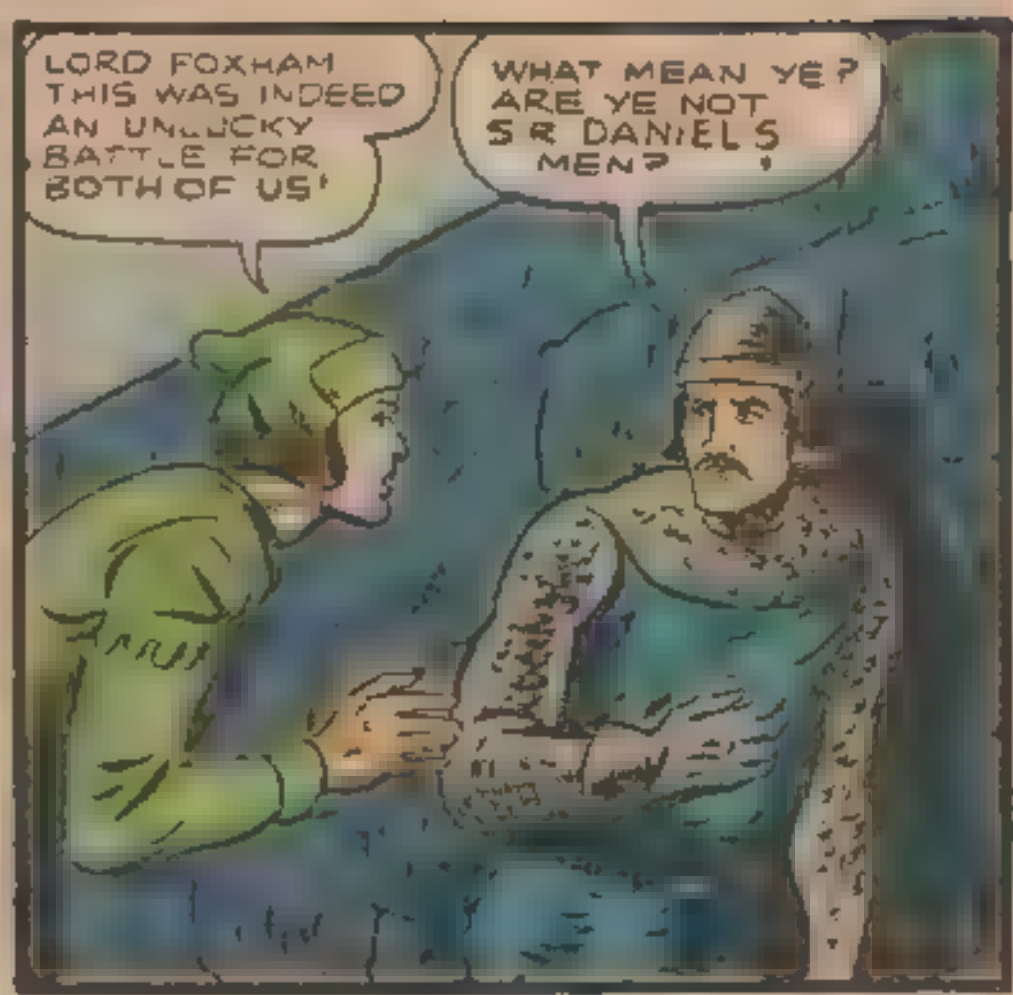
THERE THEY BE DICK
THEY ARE PREPARING FOR AN ATTACK!

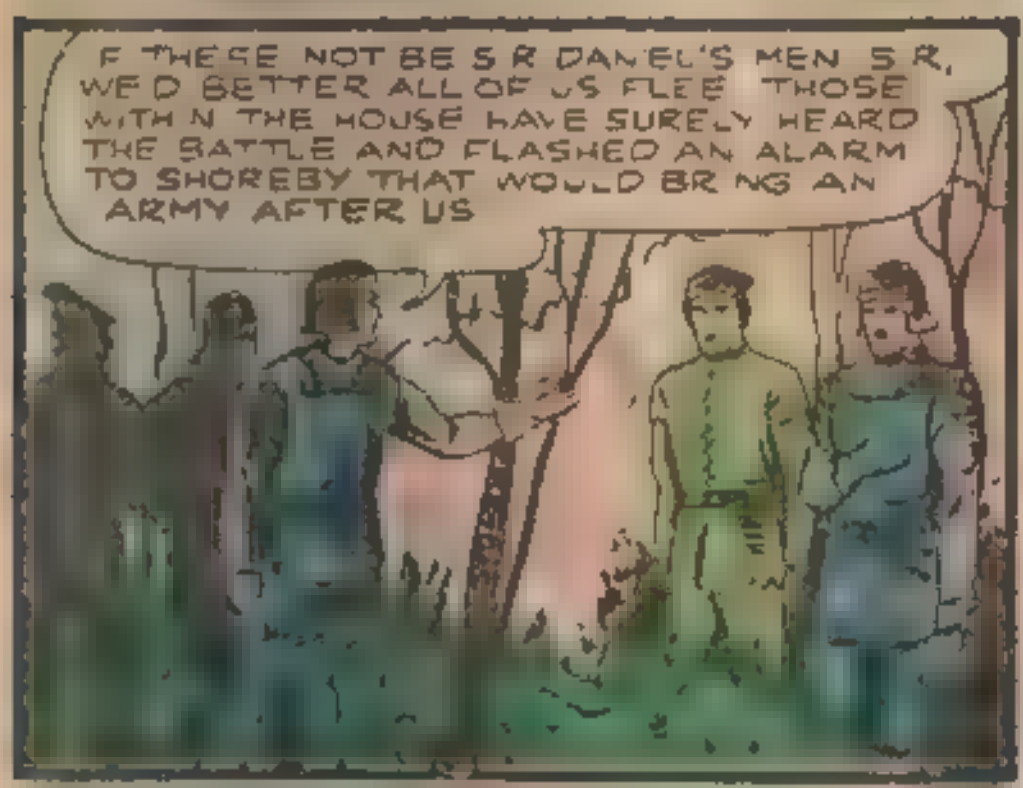

SOON, DICK'S REENFORCEMENTS ARRIVE. .
YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, MEN THE ENEMY IS READY TO ATTACK THE HOUSE! FALL ON THEM WITH YOUR SWORDS!
WE'RE READY TO DO THAT, DICK!

THE KNIGHTS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE.. THE BATTLE IS ON!
SLOW FEET BRING A QUICK DEATH MAN!

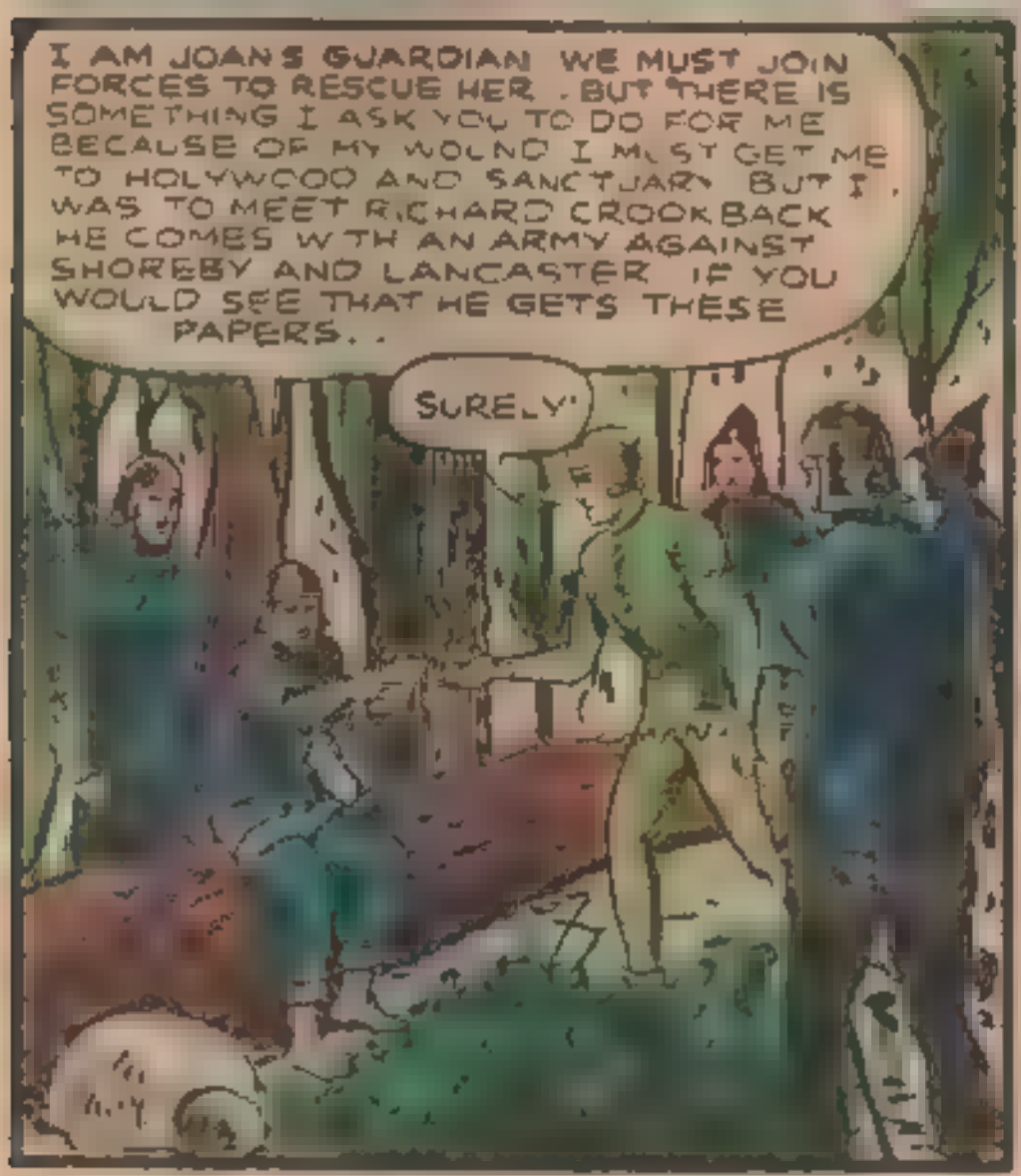
AHH!
THE LEADER YOU'LL NOT BE AROUND TO SEE DAWN, MY FRIEND!

DO YOU AND YOUR MEN SURRENDER?
HOLD OFF TELL THEM THAT I LORD FOXHAM COMMAND SURRENDER!


LORD FOXHAM THIS WAS INDEED AN UNLUCKY BATTLE FOR BOTH OF US!
WHAT MEAN YE? ARE YE NOT SIR DANIEL'S MEN?

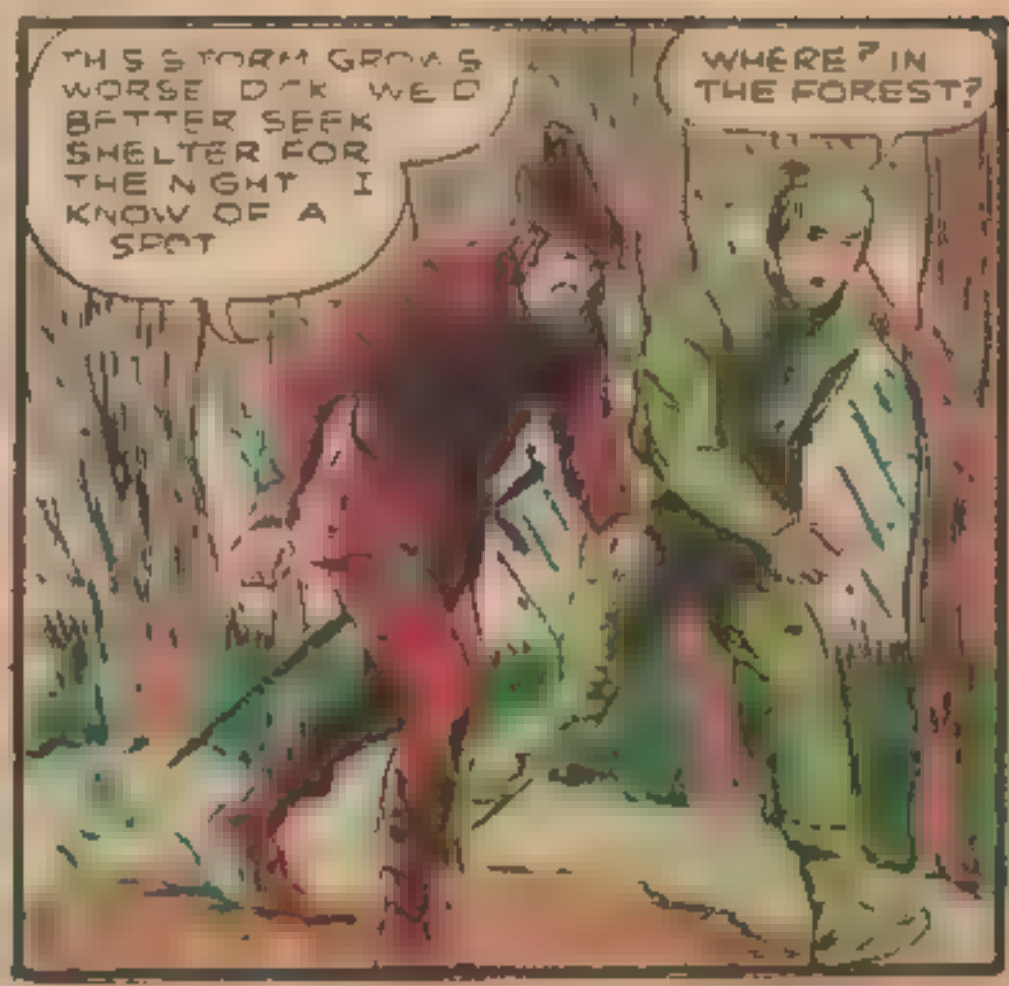

IF THESE NOT BE SIR DANIEL'S MEN SIR, WE'D BETTER ALL OF US FLEE THOSE WITHIN THE HOUSE HAVE SURELY HEARD THE BATTLE AND FLASHED AN ALARM TO SHOREBY THAT WOULD BRING AN ARMY AFTER US

IF YE RE NOT WITH SIR DANIEL WHAT PART HAVE YE IN THIS BATTLE?
THE SAME AS YOURS TO RESCUE AND PROTECT MISS SEDLEY

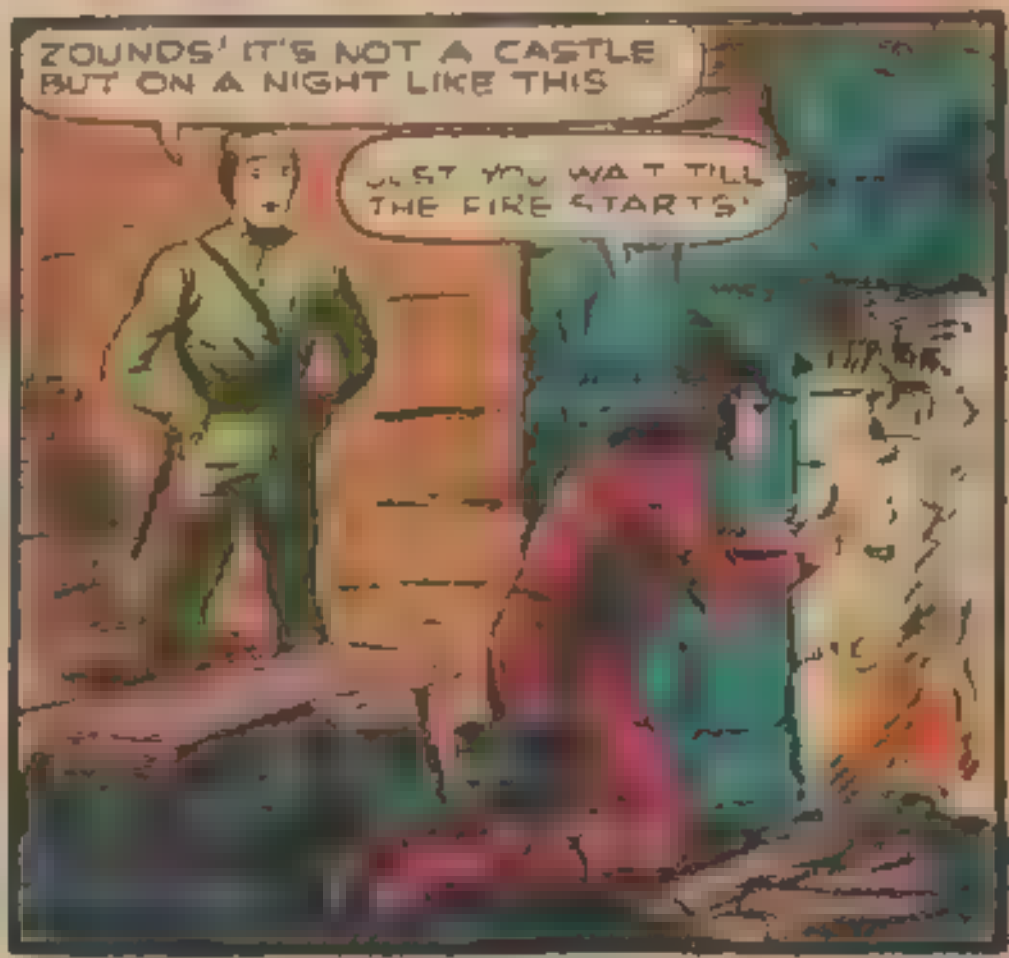

I AM JOAN'S GUARDIAN WE MUST JOIN FORCES TO RESCUE HER . BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I ASK YOU TO DO FOR ME BECAUSE OF MY WOUND I MUST GET ME TO HOLYWOOD AND SANCTUARY BUT I WAS TO MEET RICHARD CROOKBACK HE COMES WITH AN ARMY AGAINST SHOREBY AND LANCASTER IF YOU WOULD SEE THAT HE GETS THESE PAPERS..
SURELY!

AND IF WE CLEAR OF THIS LAD, I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE THE ONE TO WED JOAN
I WILL MEET YOU SOON AGAIN, SIR!

WE'LL SEPARATE MEN AND MAKE OUR WAY BACK TO SHOREBY LAALESS YOU COME WITH ME GOODBYE MEN, GOOD LUCK
GOOD LUCK TO YOU MASTER DICK


THIS STORM GROWS WORSE DICK WE'D BETTER SEEK SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT I KNOW OF A SPOT
WHERE? IN THE FOREST?

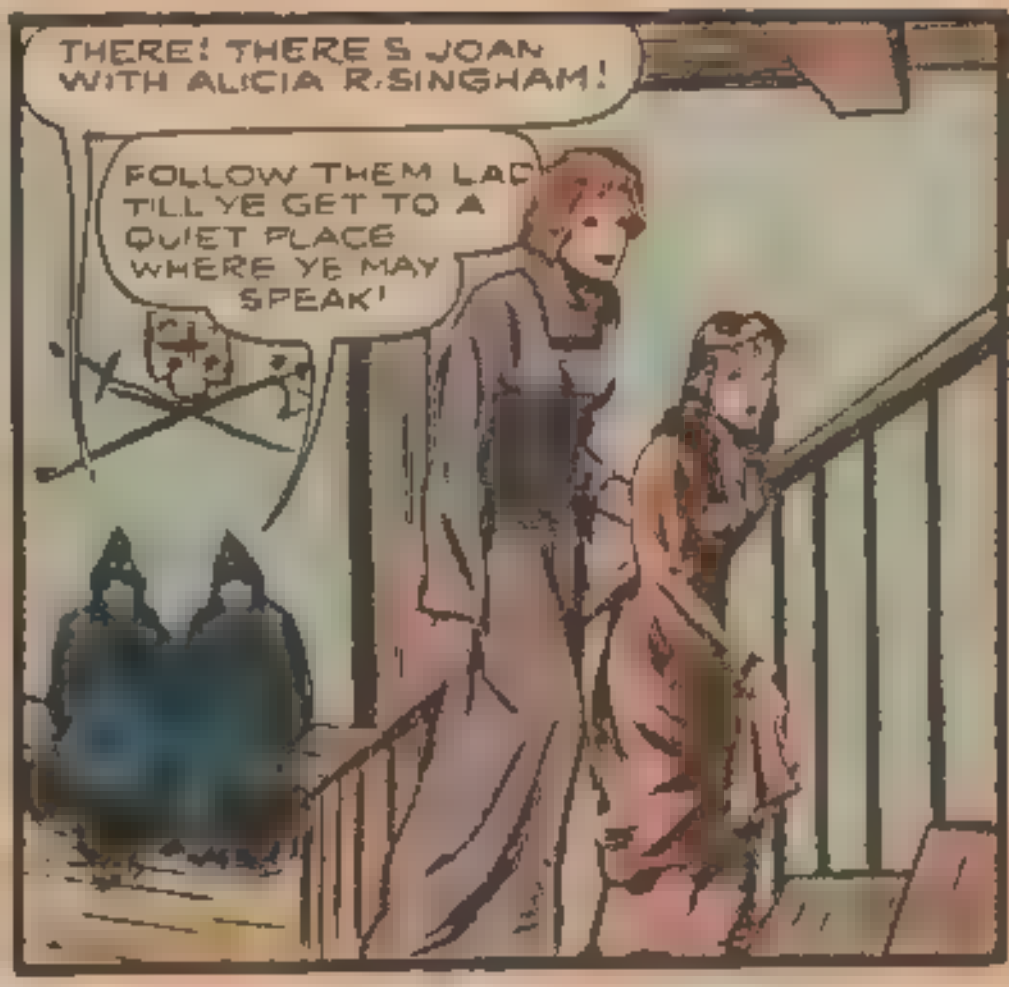
I SPENT MUCH TIME ABOUT HERE THIS LITTLE HUT WE LIVED IN

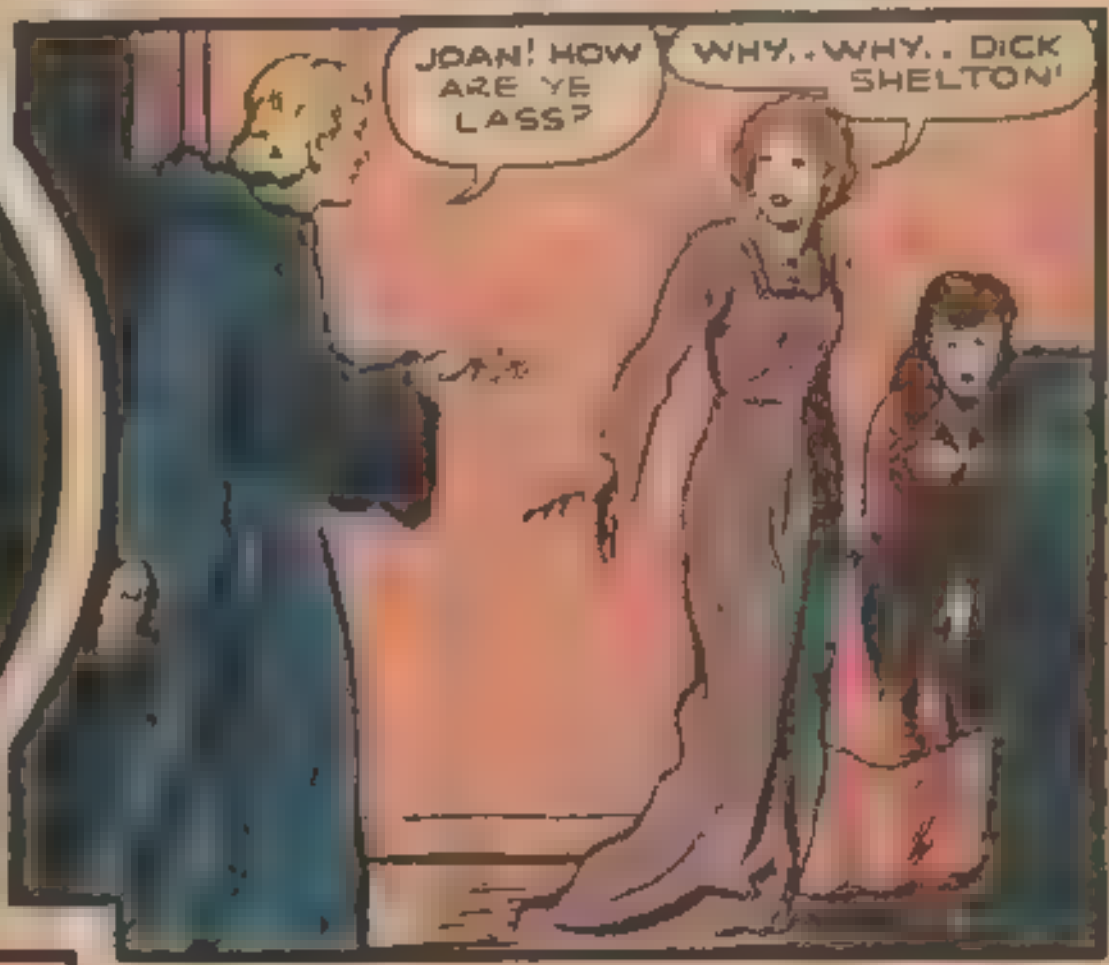

ZOUNDS! IT'S NOT A CASTLE BUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS
JUST YOU WAIT TILL THE FIRE STARTS!

METHINKS YE SHOULD TRY TO SEE JOANNA DICK AFTER THIS NIGHT'S ADVENTURE! 'TIS MOST CERTAIN SIR DANIEL WILL BRING HER TO SHOREBY AND KEEP HER IN HIS HOME THERE HE WOULDN'T RISK THE HOUSE BY THE SEA
BUT DOES THAT NOT MAKE IT EVEN HARDER?

NAY! WE'LL GO RIGHT INTO SIR DANIEL'S OWN HOUSE DRESSED AS MONKS

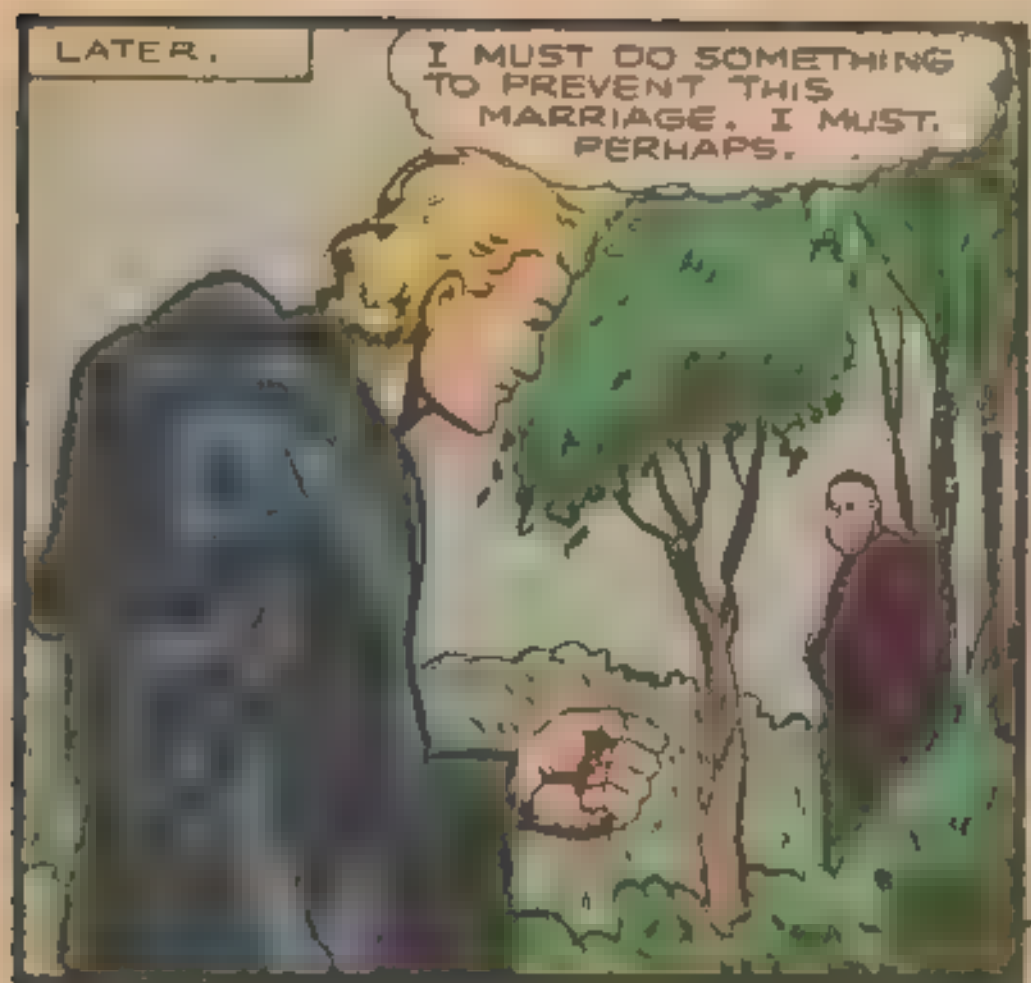
AND SO A FEW HOURS LATER, JUST BEFORE DAWN
GREETINGS, MAID!
I HOPE NOBODY RECOGNIZES ME
PRAY ENTER MY GOOD MEN


THERE! THERE'S JOAN WITH ALICIA RASINGHAM!
FOLLOW THEM LAD TILL YE GET TO A QUIET PLACE WHERE YE MAY SPEAK!


JOAN! HOW ARE YE LASS?
WHY..WHY.. DICK SHELTON!

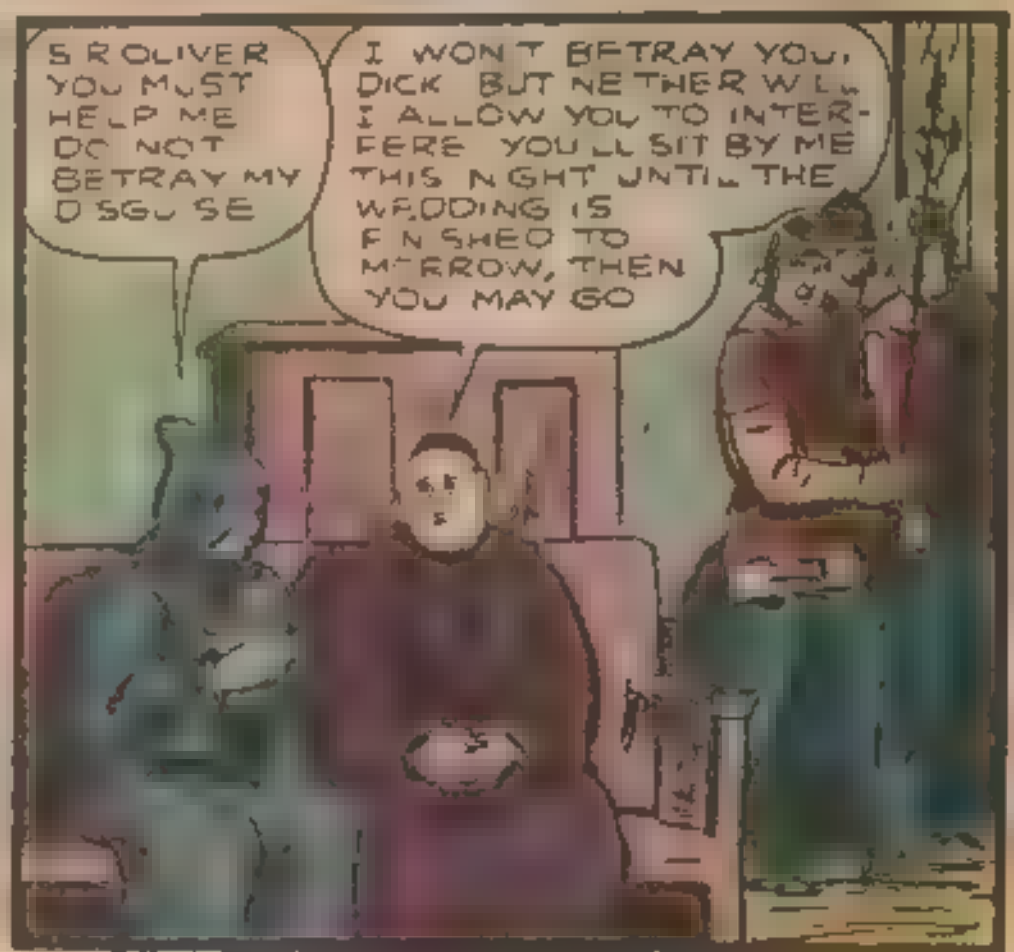
IT'S TOO LATE DICK YE CANNOT RESCUE ME IN TIME TOMORROW I'M TO WED LORD SHOREBY.
TOMORROW!

THE TWO WOULD TALK FOR HOURS BUT
JOAN, WE MUST GET DOWN TO SUPPER OR SIR DANIEL WILL COME LOOKING FOR YOU
YOU ARE RIGHT ALICIA! DICK MUST COME BACK LATER


LATER.
I MUST DO SOMETHING TO PREVENT THIS MARRIAGE. I MUST. PERHAPS.

IF ANYTHING CAN BE DONE, IT SEEMS 'TWOULD BE HERE, AT THE CHAPEL!

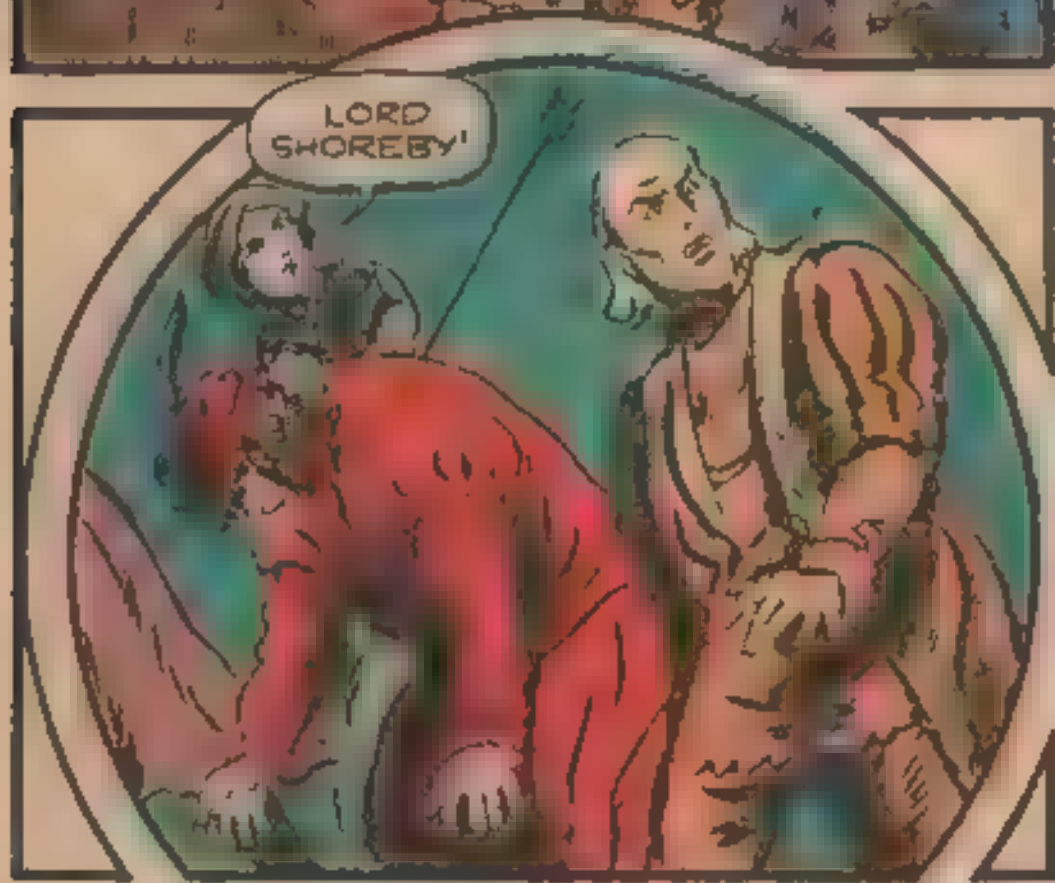
CREET NGS BROTHER WHY! DICK SHELTON!
SIR OL VER! I BEG YOU LOWER YOUR VO CE!


S R OLIVER YOU MUST HELP ME DO NOT BETRAY MY D SGU SE
I WON T BETRAY YOU, DICK BUT NE THER W L I ALLOW YOU TO INTER-FERE YOU L SIT BY ME THIS N GHT UNTIL THE WEDDING IS F N SHED TO MORROW, THEN YOU MAY GO

A PLAGUE UPON THIS LUCK!

ALL NIGHT THROUGH
A PR SONER.. IN THE CHURCH

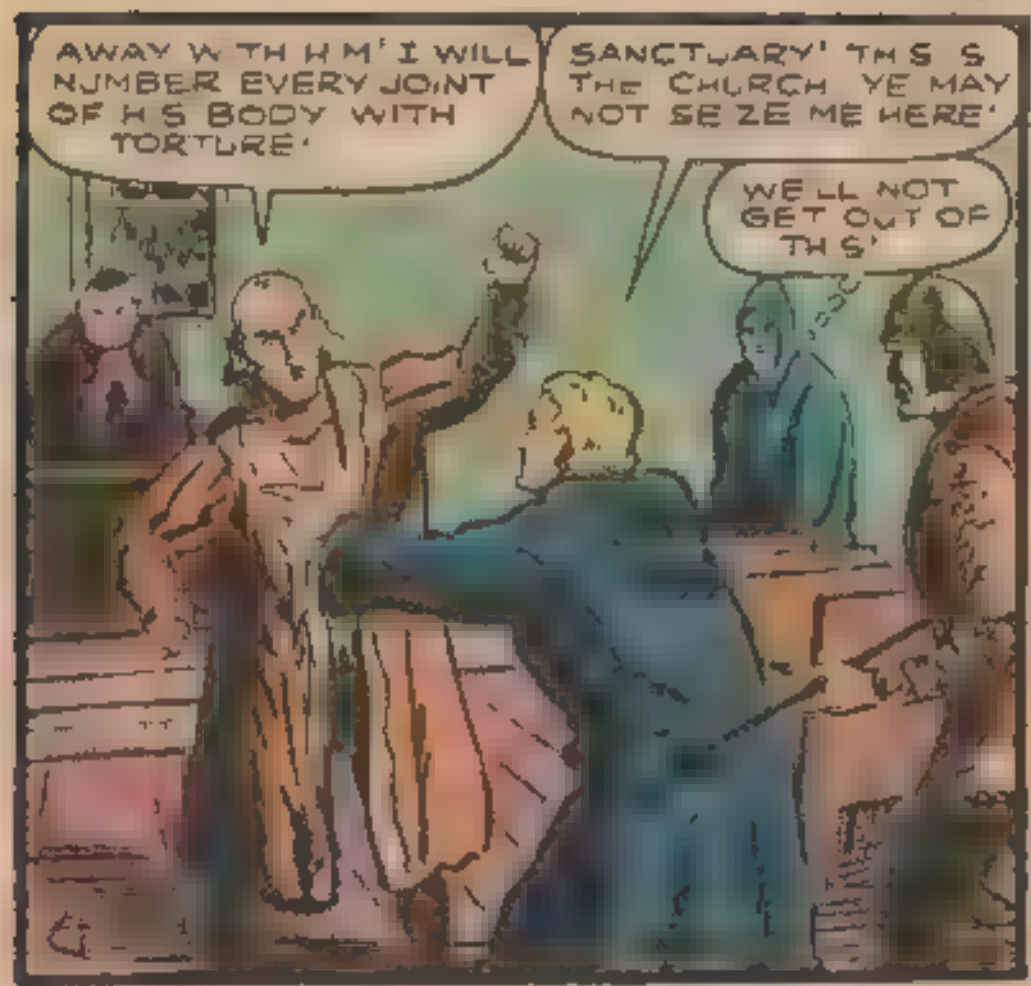
AND IN THE EARLY MORNING
A FINE DAY INDEED SIR RISINGHAM!

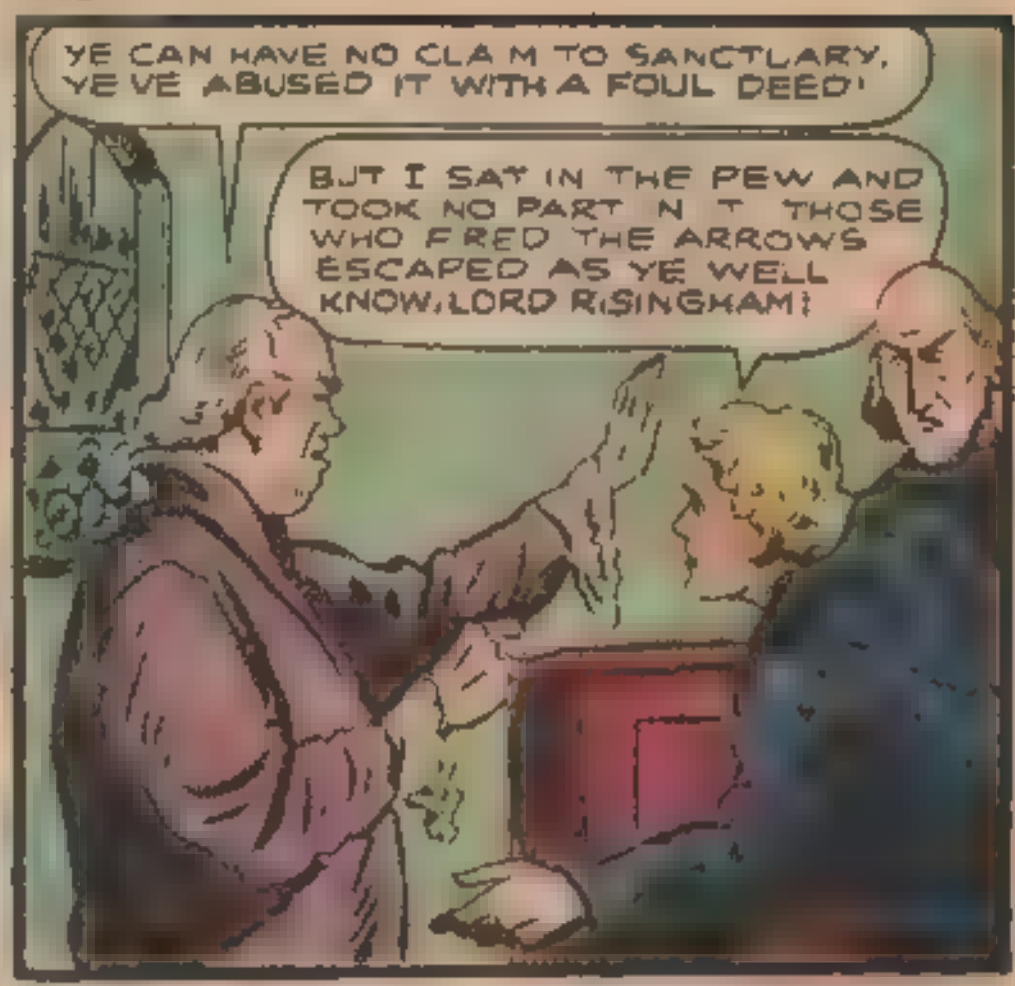

LORD SHOREBY!

SEIZE DICK SHELTON! HE'S THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!
DICK!

SUDDENLY.
LOOK! THE OUTLAWS!

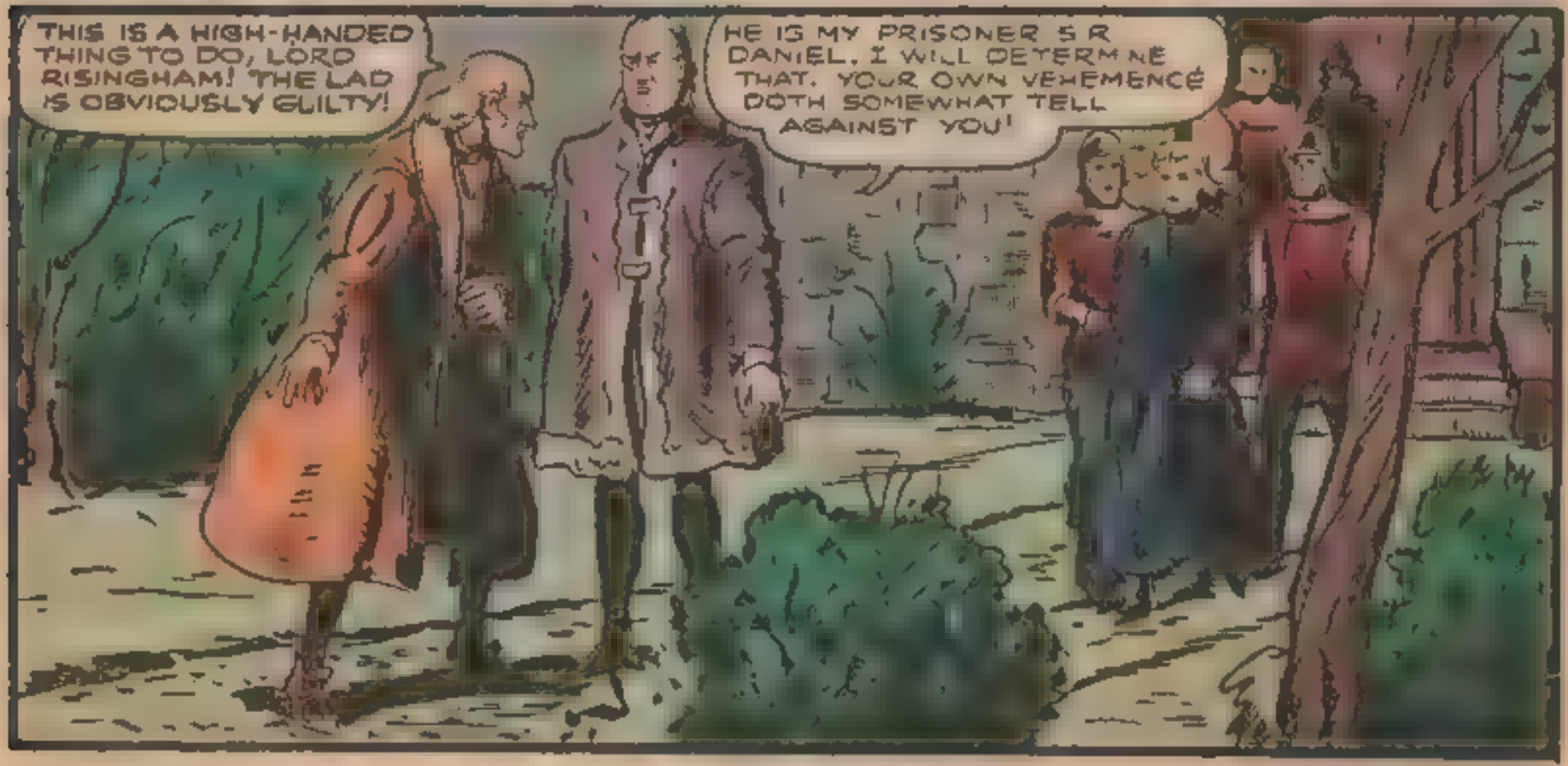
COME ALONG WITH US.. YOU BRIDEGROOM KILLER!
UNHAND, ME MEN
MOVE AND SILENCE

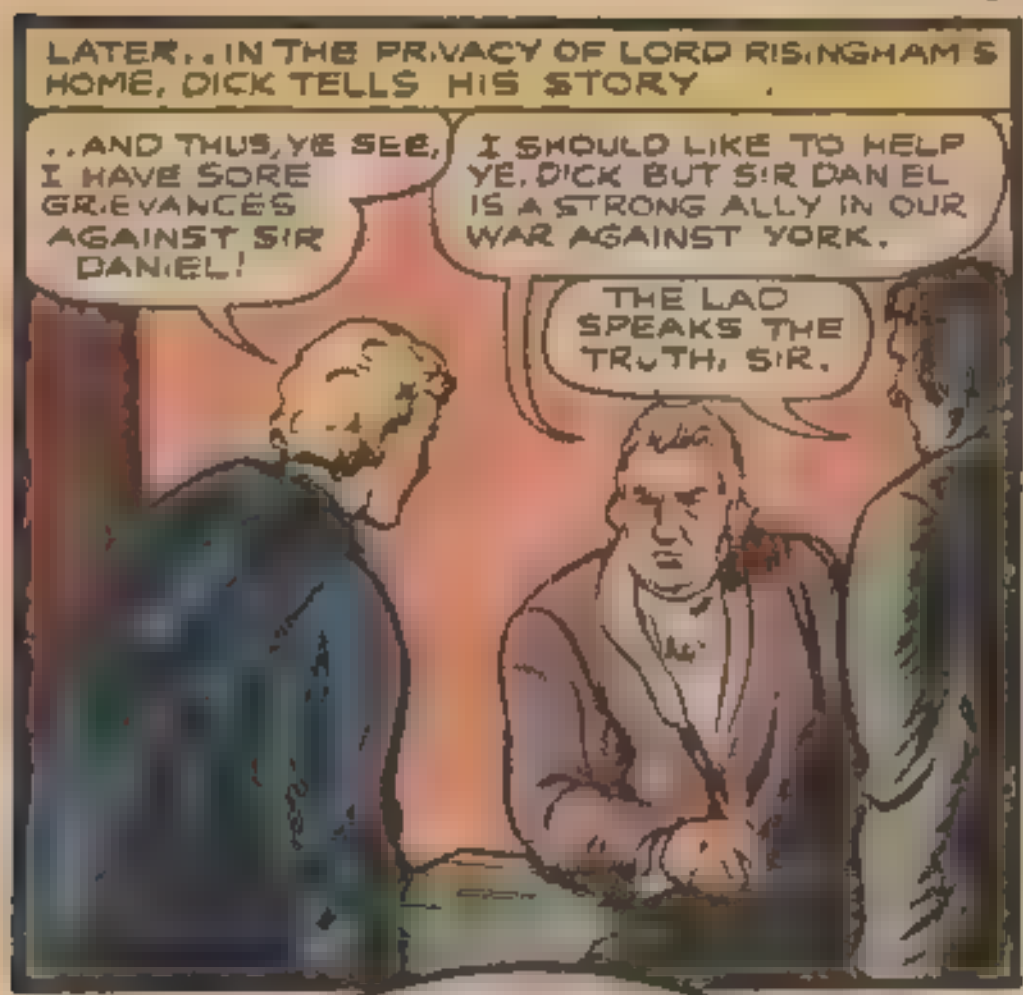

AWAY W TH H M! I WILL NUMBER EVERY JOINT OF H S BODY WITH TORTURE!
SANCTUARY! TH S S THE CHURCH YE MAY NOT SE ZE ME HERE!
WE LL NOT GET OUT OF TH S!

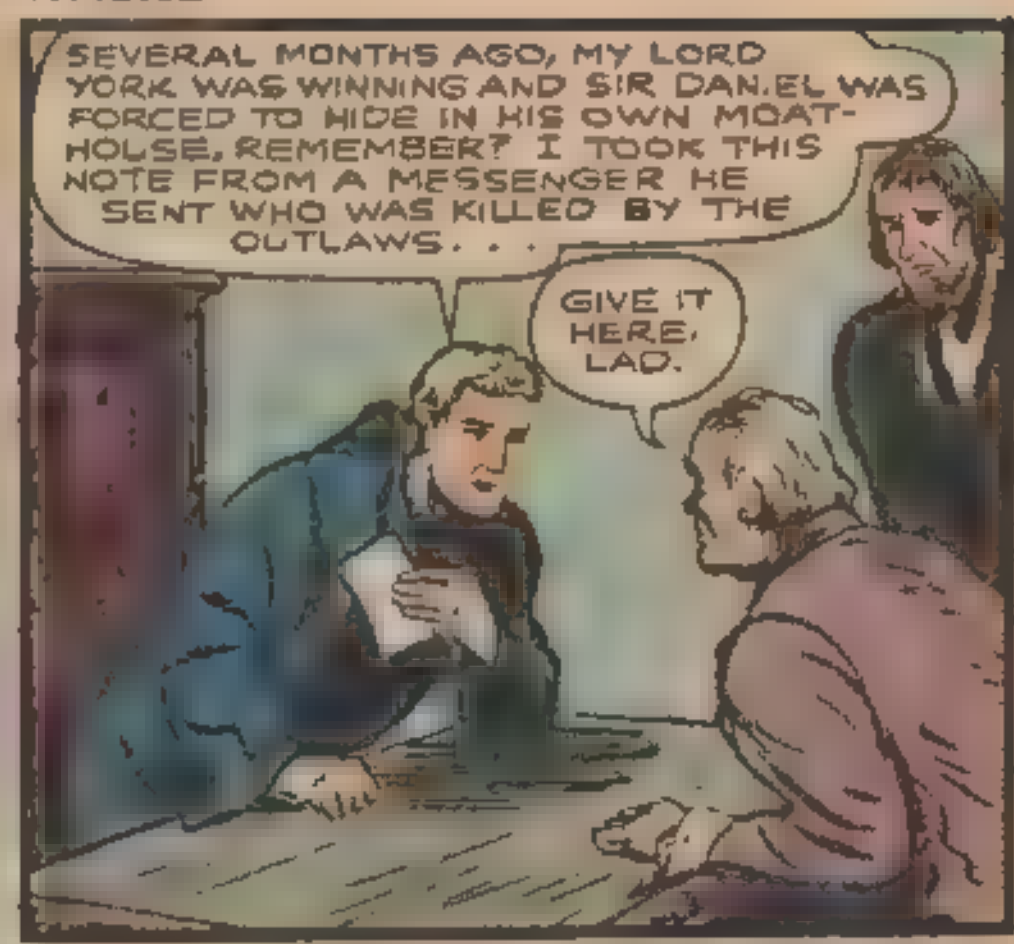

YE CAN HAVE NO CLA M TO SANCTUARY, YE VE ABUSED IT WITH A FOUL DEED!
BUT I SAT IN THE PEW AND TOOK NO PART N T THOSE WHO F RED THE ARROWS ESCAPED AS YE WELL KNOW, LORD R SINGHAM!

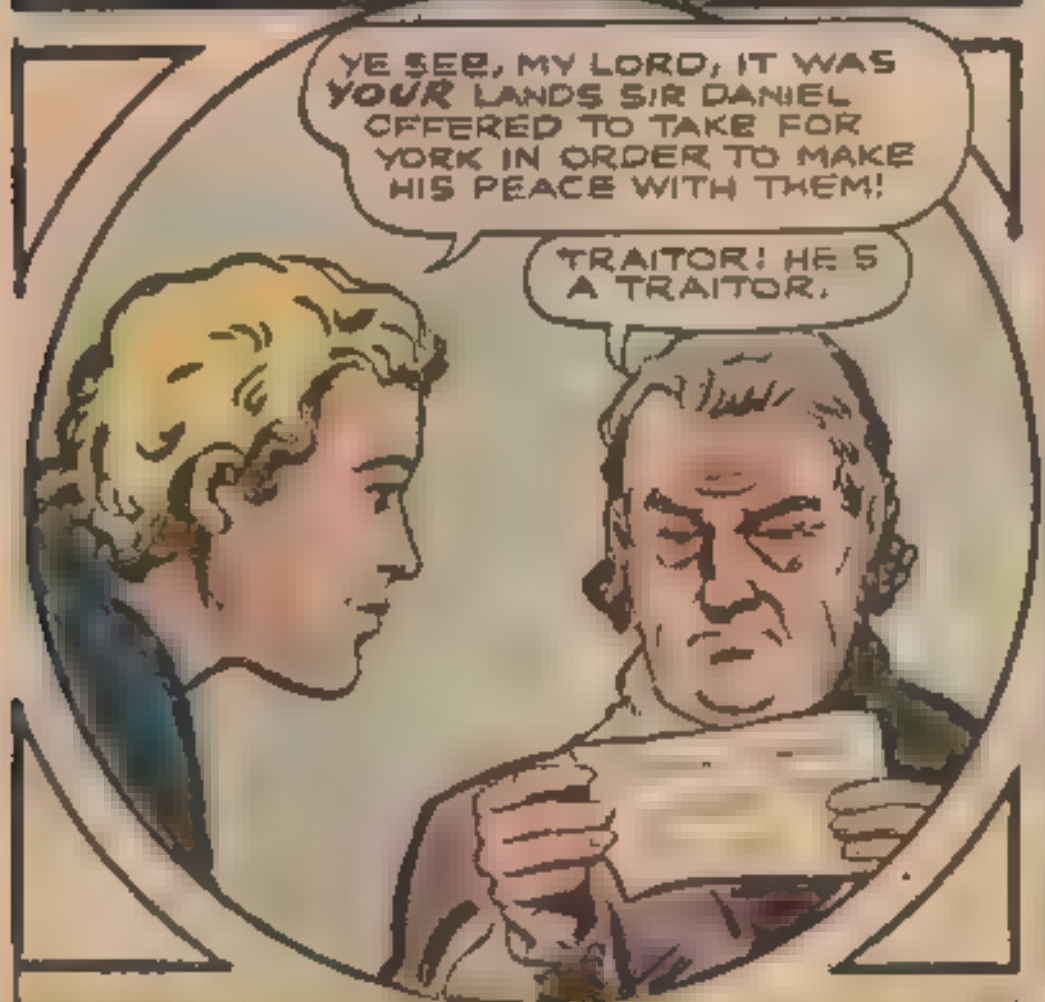
LOOK HERE! YE CAME ARMED AND IT WAS THE SAME ARROWS THAT KILLED LORD SHOREBY! BLACK ARROWS!
STILL I FIRED NOT!

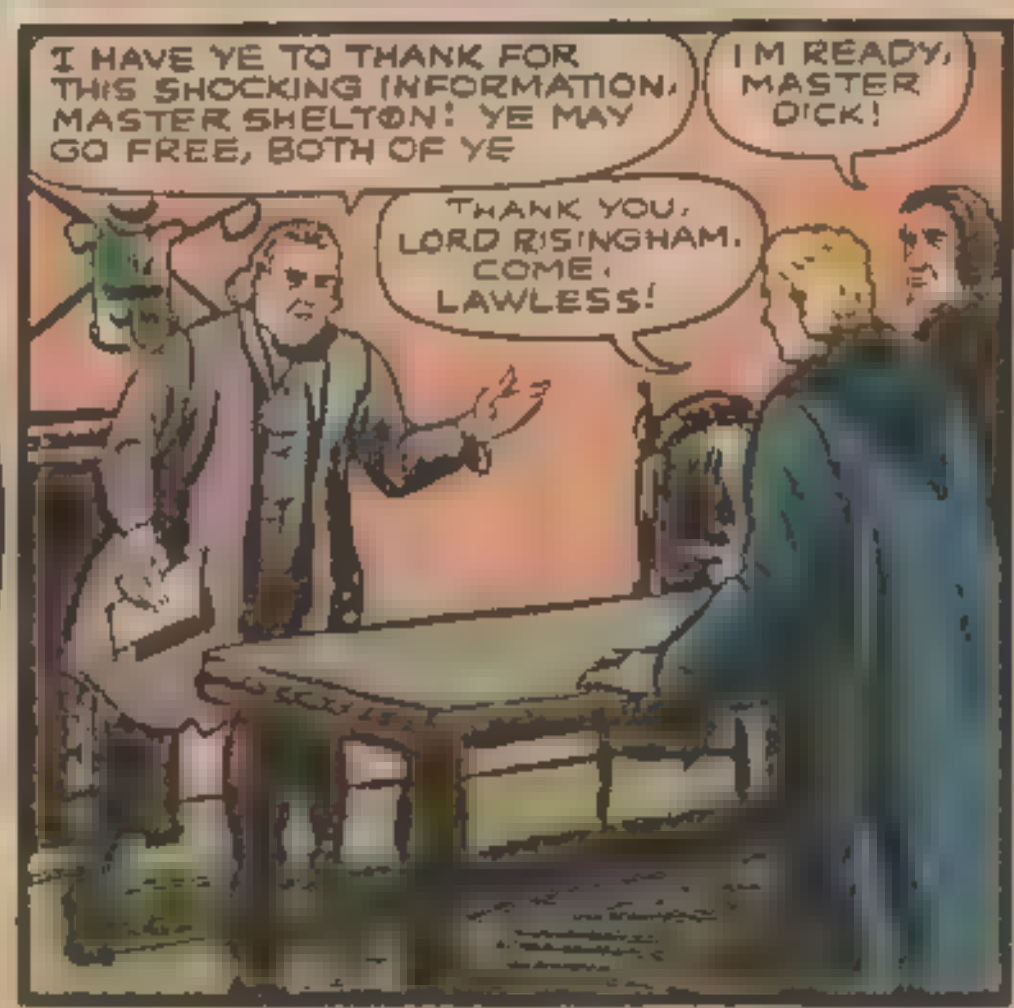
DO NOT TURN ME OVER TO SIR DANIEL I BEG OF YOU I'LL SURRENDER TO A FAIR TRIAL
ALL RIGHT, MEN, TAKE HIM TO MY HOUSE AND LAWLESS WITH HIM


THIS IS A HIGH-HANDED THING TO DO, LORD RISINGHAM! THE LAD IS OBVIOUSLY GUILTY!
HE IS MY PRISONER S R DANIEL. I WILL DETERM NE THAT. YOUR OWN VEHEMENCE DOTH SOMEWHAT TELL AGAINST YOU!


LATER.. IN THE PRIVACY OF LORD RISINGHAM'S HOME, DICK TELLS HIS STORY .
..AND THUS, YE SEE, I HAVE SORE GRIEVANCES AGAINST SIR DANIEL!
I SHOULD LIKE TO HELP YE, DICK BUT SIR DANIEL IS A STRONG ALLY IN OUR WAR AGAINST YORK.
THE LAD SPEAKS THE TRUTH, SIR.


SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, MY LORD YORK WAS WINNING AND SIR DANIEL WAS FORCED TO HIDE IN HIS OWN MOAT-HOUSE, REMEMBER? I TOOK THIS NOTE FROM A MESSENGER HE SENT WHO WAS KILLED BY THE OUTLAWS. . .
GIVE IT HERE, LAD.


YE SEE, MY LORD, IT WAS YOUR LANDS SIR DANIEL OFFERED TO TAKE FOR YORK IN ORDER TO MAKE HIS PEACE WITH THEM!
TRAITOR! HE'S A TRAITOR.

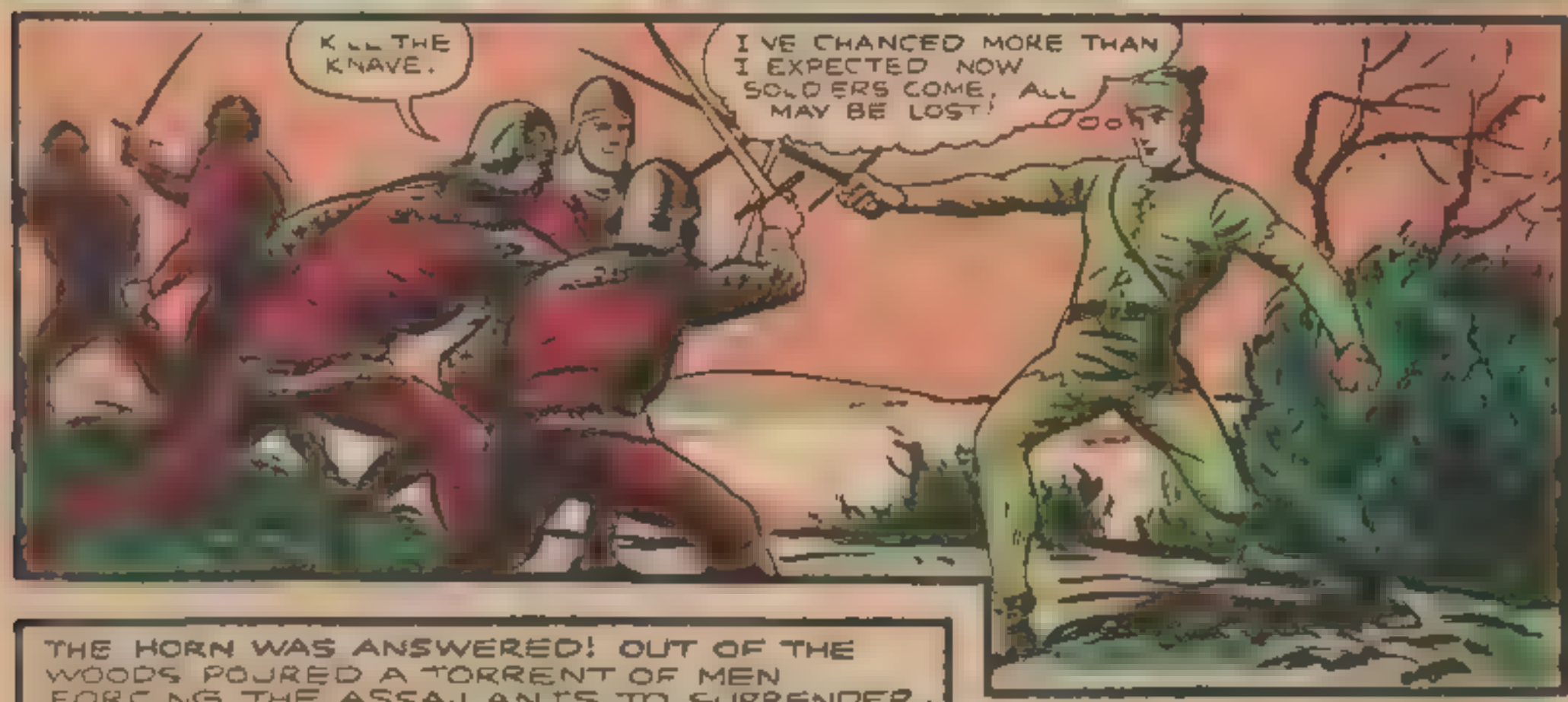

I HAVE YE TO THANK FOR THIS SHOCKING INFORMATION, MASTER SHELTON! YE MAY GO FREE, BOTH OF YE
I'M READY, MASTER DICK!
THANK YOU, LORD RISINGHAM. COME, LAWLESS!

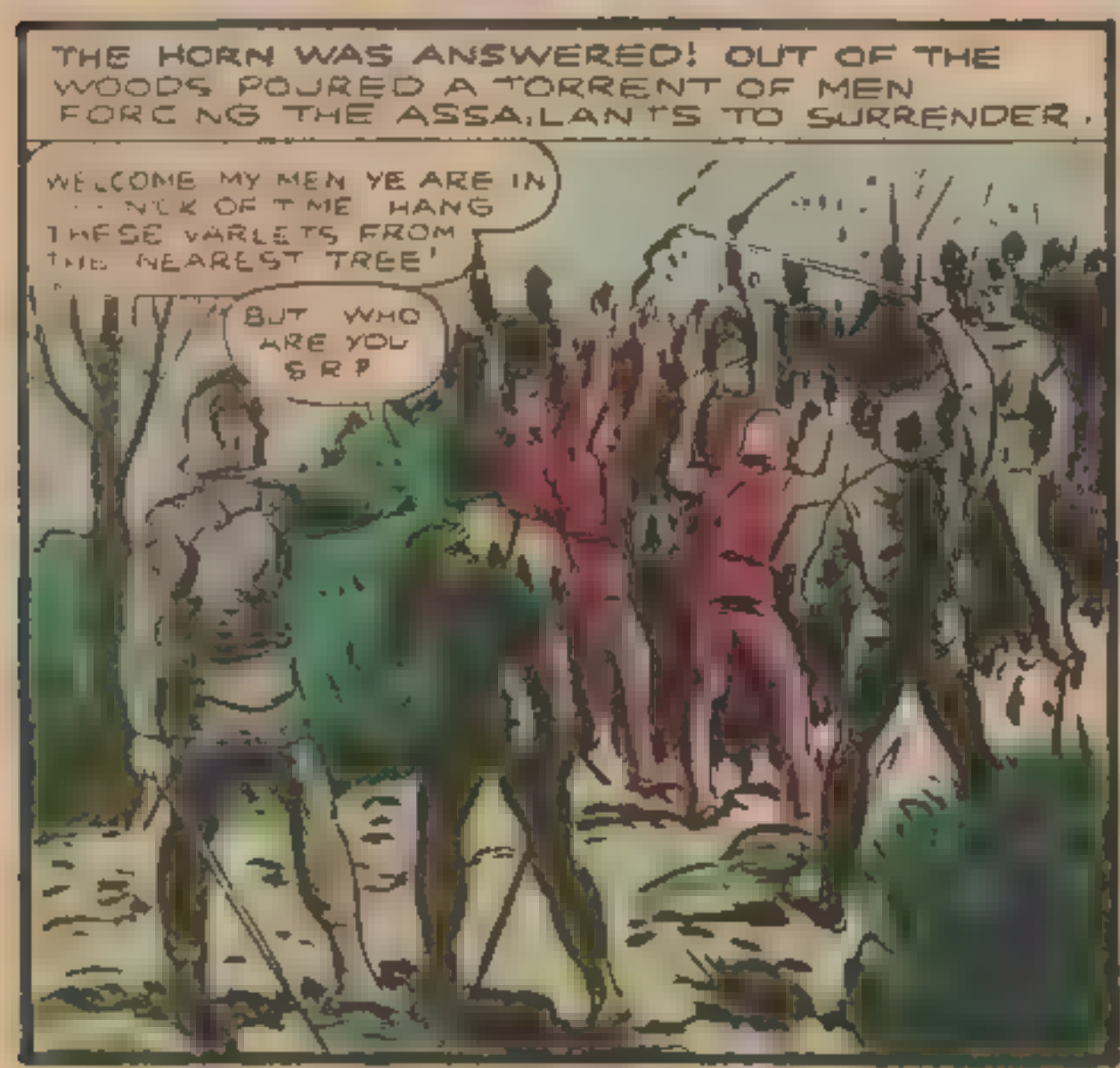
BACK IN THEIR OWN CLOTHES, DICK ARMED WITH A SWORD FROM LORD RISINGHAM, THEY FACE FREEDOM .
I'LL BE LEAVING YE HERE DICK
FAREWELL, LAWLESS! I JUST HAVE TIME TO GET LORD FOXHAM'S MESSAGE TO RICHARD CROOKBACK

HORNS! SO DEEP IN THE FOREST, IT CAN MEAN BUT ONE THING! THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE NEED OF HELP!

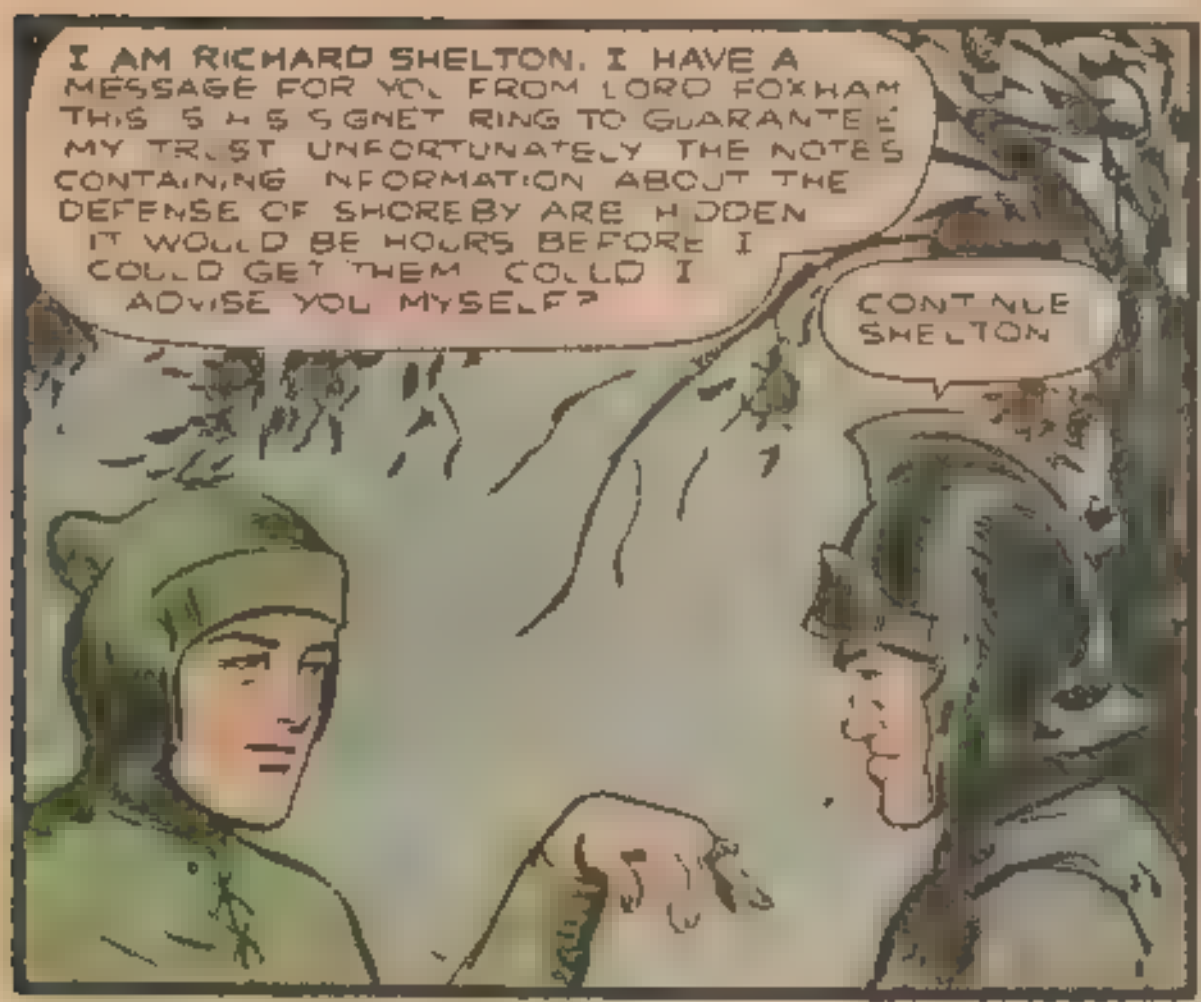
WHY THAT MAN BATTLES FIGHT OTHERS! I MUST AID HIM!

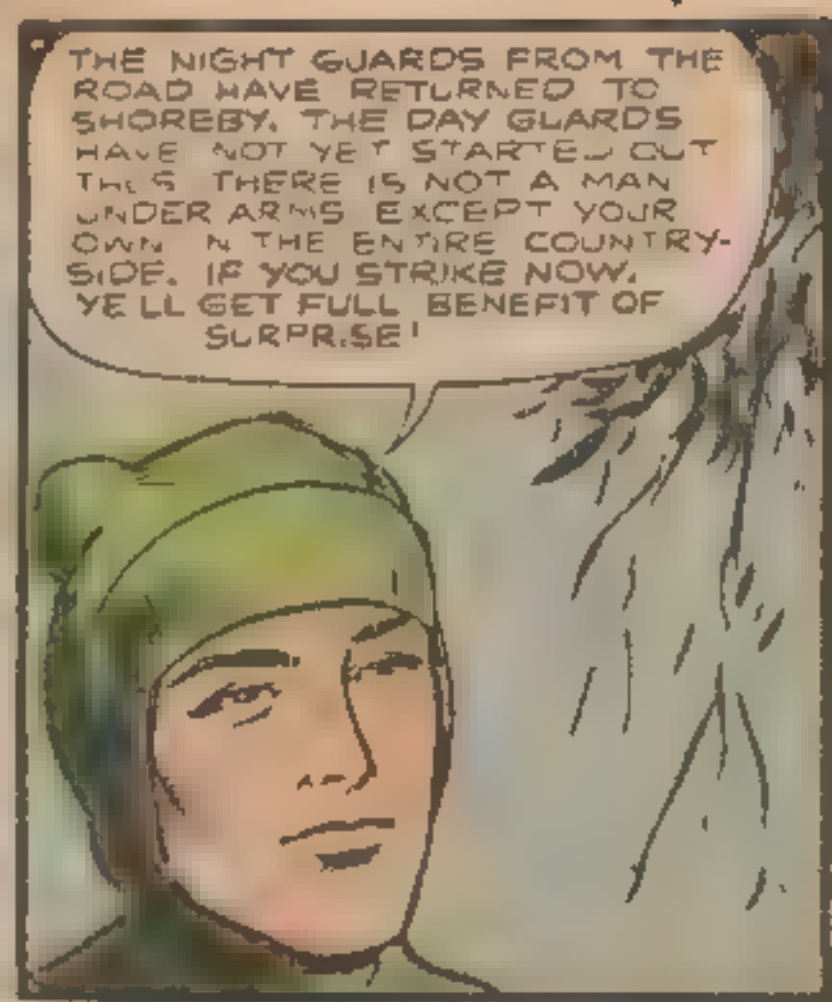
AN I MUST FIGHT SIR
AYE SO T'S STRANGER


KILL THE KNAVE.
I'VE CHANCED MORE THAN I EXPECTED NOW SOLDIERS COME, ALL MAY BE LOST!

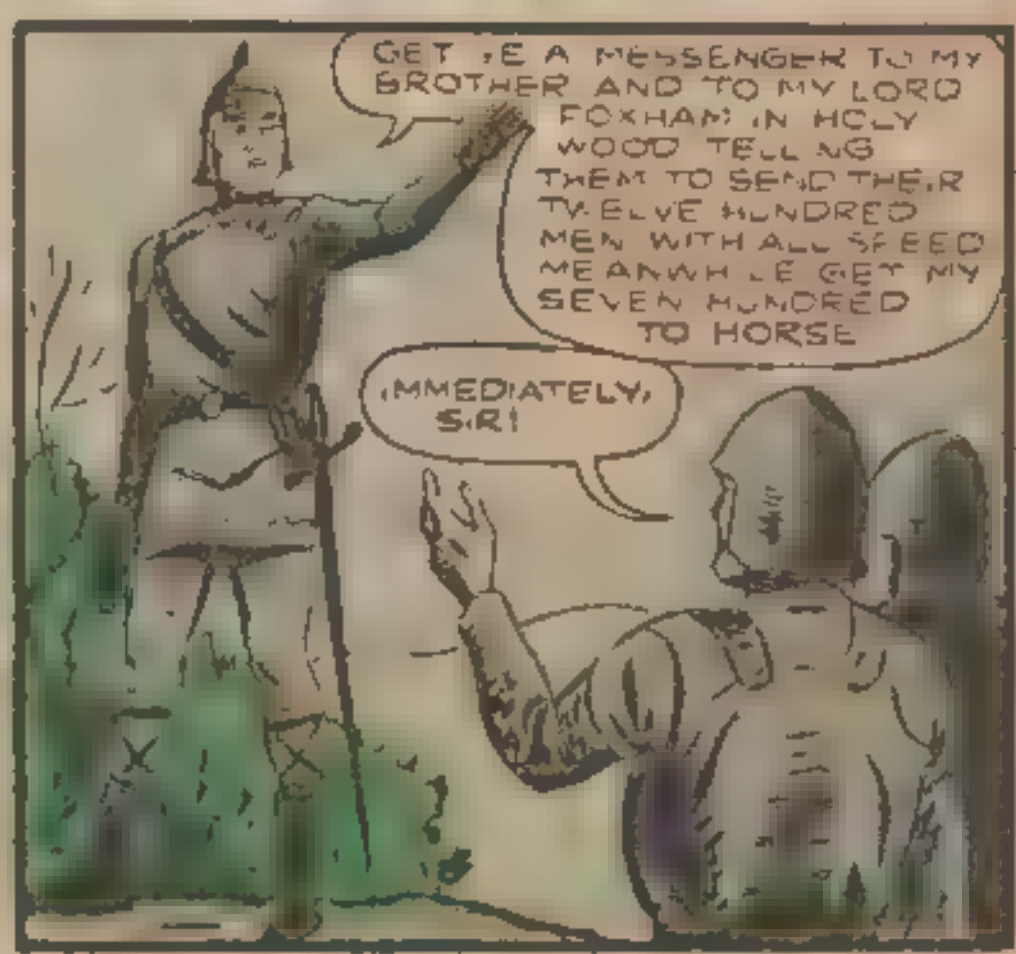

THE HORN WAS ANSWERED! OUT OF THE WOODS POURED A TORRENT OF MEN FORCING THE ASSAILANTS TO SURRENDER.
WELCOME MY MEN YE ARE IN TIME HANG THESE VARLETS FROM THE NEAREST TREE!
BUT WHO ARE YOU SIR?

RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, LAD, AND I THANK YE FOR COMING TO MY AID WITHOUT KNOWING ME!
RICHARD CROOKBACK OF GLOUCESTER! WHAT LUCK!


I AM RICHARD SHELTON. I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM LORD FOXHAM THIS SIGNET RING TO GUARANTEE MY TRUST UNFORTUNATELY THE NOTES CONTAINING INFORMATION ABOUT THE DEFENSE OF SHOREBY ARE HIDDEN IT WOULD BE HOURS BEFORE I COULD GET THEM COULD I ADVISE YOU MYSELF?
CONTINUE SHELTON


THE NIGHT GUARDS FROM THE ROAD HAVE RETURNED TO SHOREBY. THE DAY GUARDS HAVE NOT YET STARTED OUT THUS THERE IS NOT A MAN UNDER ARMS EXCEPT YOUR OWN IN THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE. IF YOU STRIKE NOW, YE'LL GET FULL BENEFIT OF SURPRISE!

SEE YE THOSE MEN THEY ARE BUT CHURLS, BUT IN TIMES LIKE THESE EVEN THEY WILL BE MISSED. WHAT SAY YE.. WILL YE STRIKE NOW?
THOU ART A WISE SOLDIER RICHARD SHELTON!

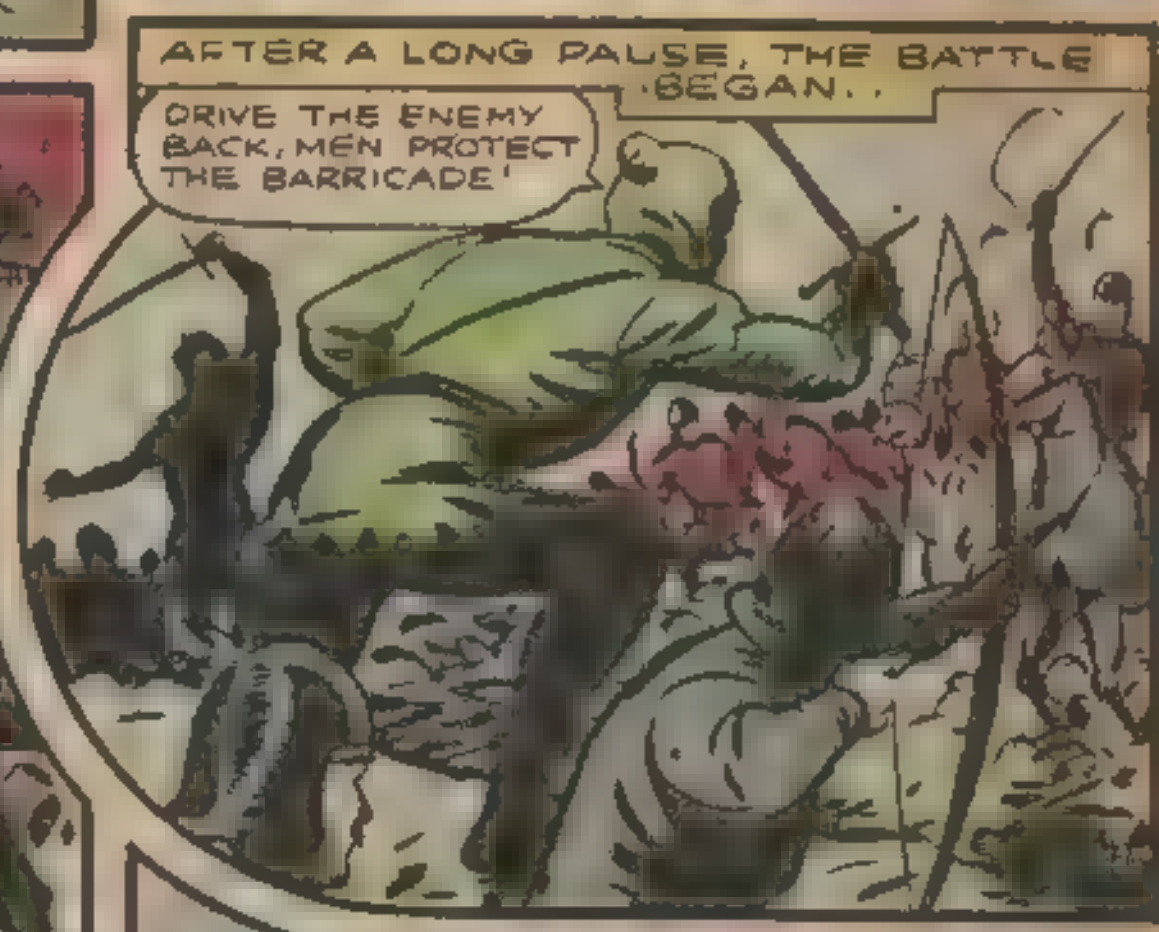

GET YE A MESSENGER TO MY BROTHER AND TO MY LORD FOXHAM IN HOLYWOOD TELLING THEM TO SEND THEIR TWELVE HUNDRED MEN WITH ALL SPEED MEANWHILE GET MY SEVEN HUNDRED TO HORSE
IMMEDIATELY, SIR!

ONWARD! LET NO MAN LAG BEHIND!

SHOREBY LIES AHEAD CHARGE

ENTERING THE OUTSKIRTS, THEY RECEIVE LITTLE OPPOSITION
FORTIFY THOSE HOUSES, MEN!

TAKE YOU COMMAND OF THIS STREET MASTER SHELTON!


AFTER A LONG PAUSE, THE BATTLE BEGAN...
DRIVE THE ENEMY BACK, MEN PROTECT THE BARRICADE!

FOR THE HONOR OF YORK, GIVE NOT AN INCH!
TASTE A LANCASTER DEATH, KNAVE!

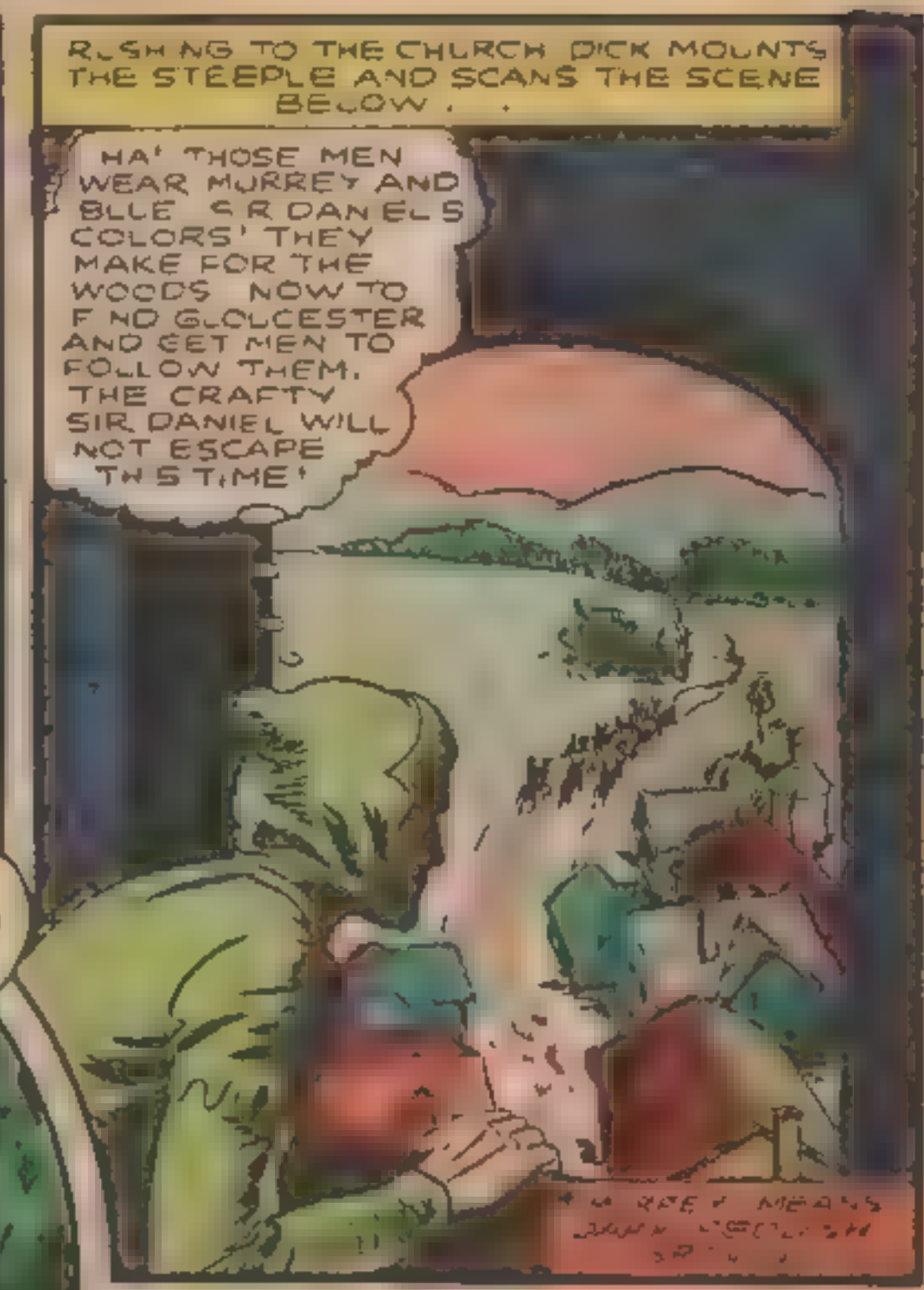
LONG-LIVE YORK! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK MEN!

WE'VE DONE THEM IN DICK LANCASTER IS READY TO ADMIT DEFEAT!
THAT'S WELCOME NEWS!

SUCH FIGHTING VALOR DESERVES MERIT MASTER SHELTON I BID THEE KNEEL!
YOU HONOR ME SIR

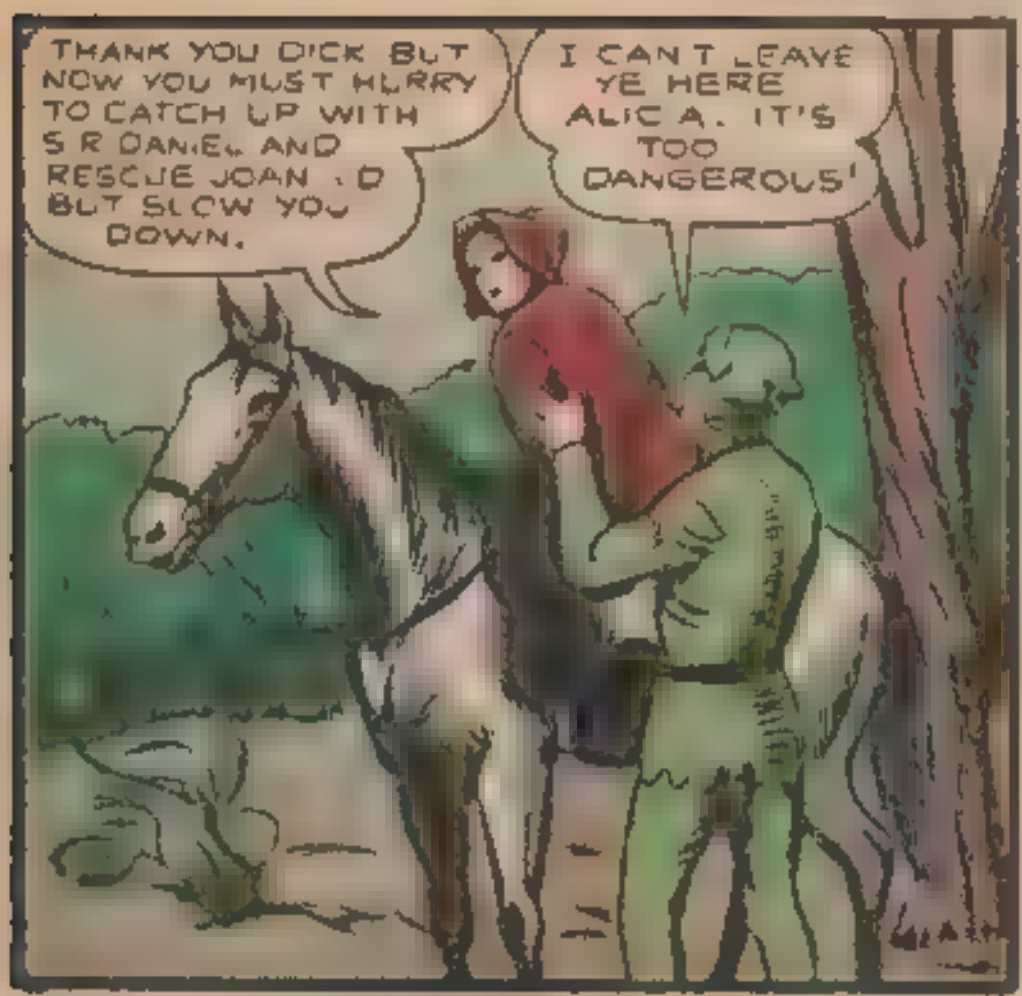
I HEREBY DUB THEE THE GLORIOUS TITLE KNIGHT RISE, SIR RICHARD
GOOD LUCK, LAD
I'LL NEED LUCK I'VE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO AT SIR DANIEL'S HOUSE

TELL ME, SOLDIER OF GLOUCESTER, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE WHO WERE HERE?
SIR DANIEL? HE ESCAPED WITH A BODY OF HORSEMEN!
FIFTY MEN SHOULD BE ENOUGH, SIR.
LIEUTENANT GATESBY GET THE LAD FIFTY MEN!
AYE SIR GLOUCESTER!


RUSHING TO THE CHURCH DICK MOUNTS THE STEEPLE AND SCANS THE SCENE BELOW . . .
HA! THOSE MEN WEAR MURREY AND BLUE SIR DANIEL'S COLORS! THEY MAKE FOR THE WOODS NOW TO FIND GLOUCESTER AND GET MEN TO FOLLOW THEM. THE CRAFTY SIR DANIEL WILL NOT ESCAPE THIS TIME!

SIR DANIEL'S PARTY! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED BY OUR ARCHERS!

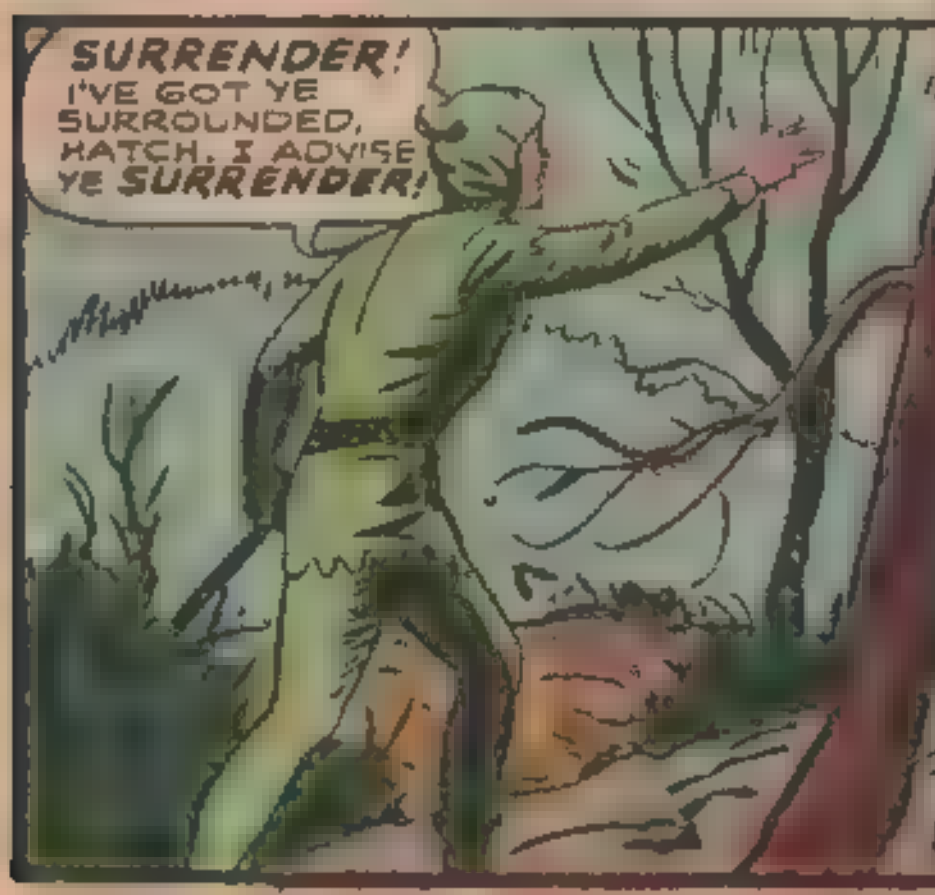
ALICIA RISINGHAM! ARE YE HURT, LASS?
NAY, GOOD DICK, 'TWAS BUT MY HORSE THEY HIT!


THANK YOU DICK BUT NOW YOU MUST HURRY TO CATCH UP WITH S R DANIEL AND RESCUE JOAN . D BUT SLOW YOU DOWN.
I CAN T LEAVE YE HERE ALIC A. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

WE'LL REST MEN WE'VE BEEN RIDING FOR HOURS I'M SURE S.R DANIEL HAS LEFT THE ROAD.

SURE ENOUGH! THEY CAMP UP AHEAD D'S' MOUNT MEN WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THEM. 'TIS A GOOD GAMBLE!

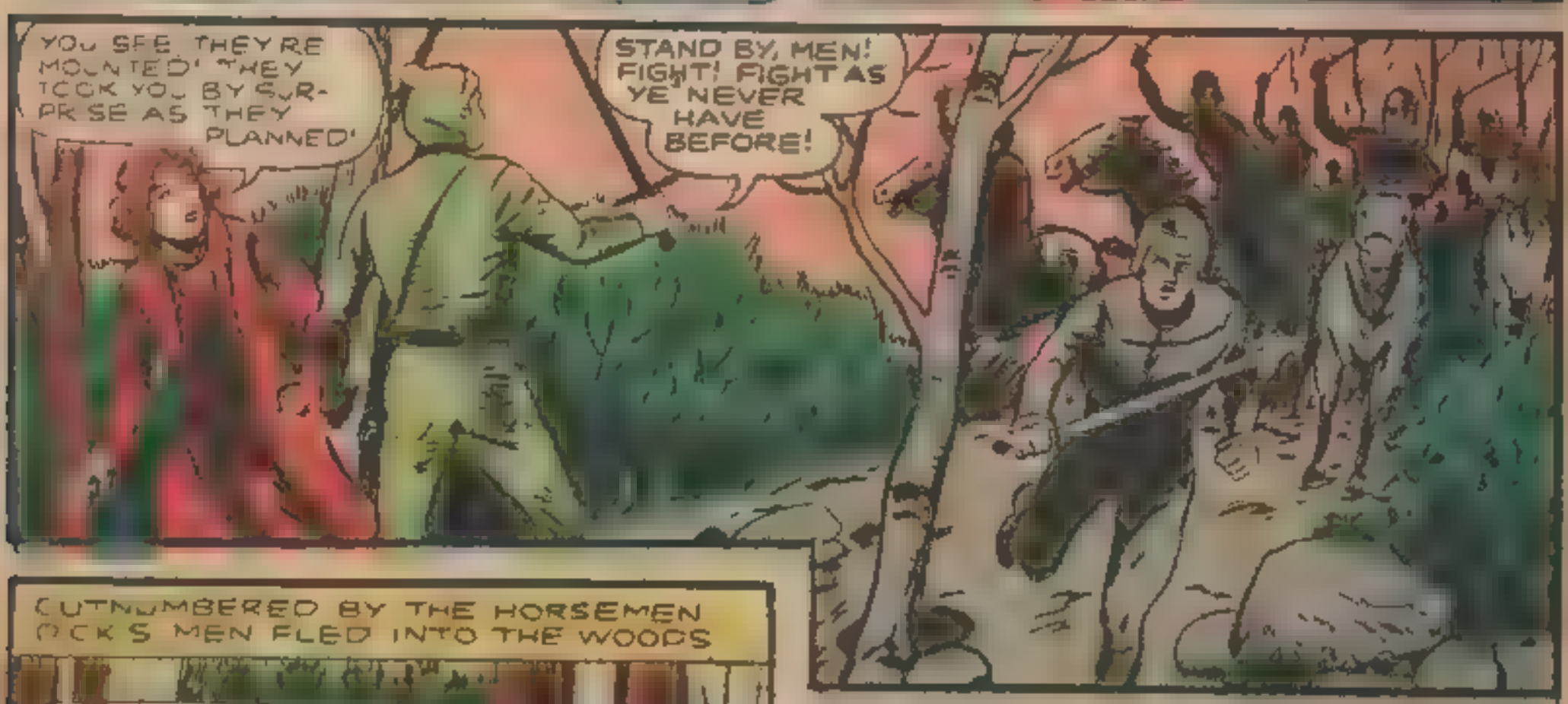
HARK! THERE IS THE SIGNAL OF MY MEN. THE CAMP IS SURROUNDED.


SURRENDER! I'VE GOT YE SURROUNDED, HATCH. I ADVISE YE SURRENDER!

OH, DICK!
NEVER!

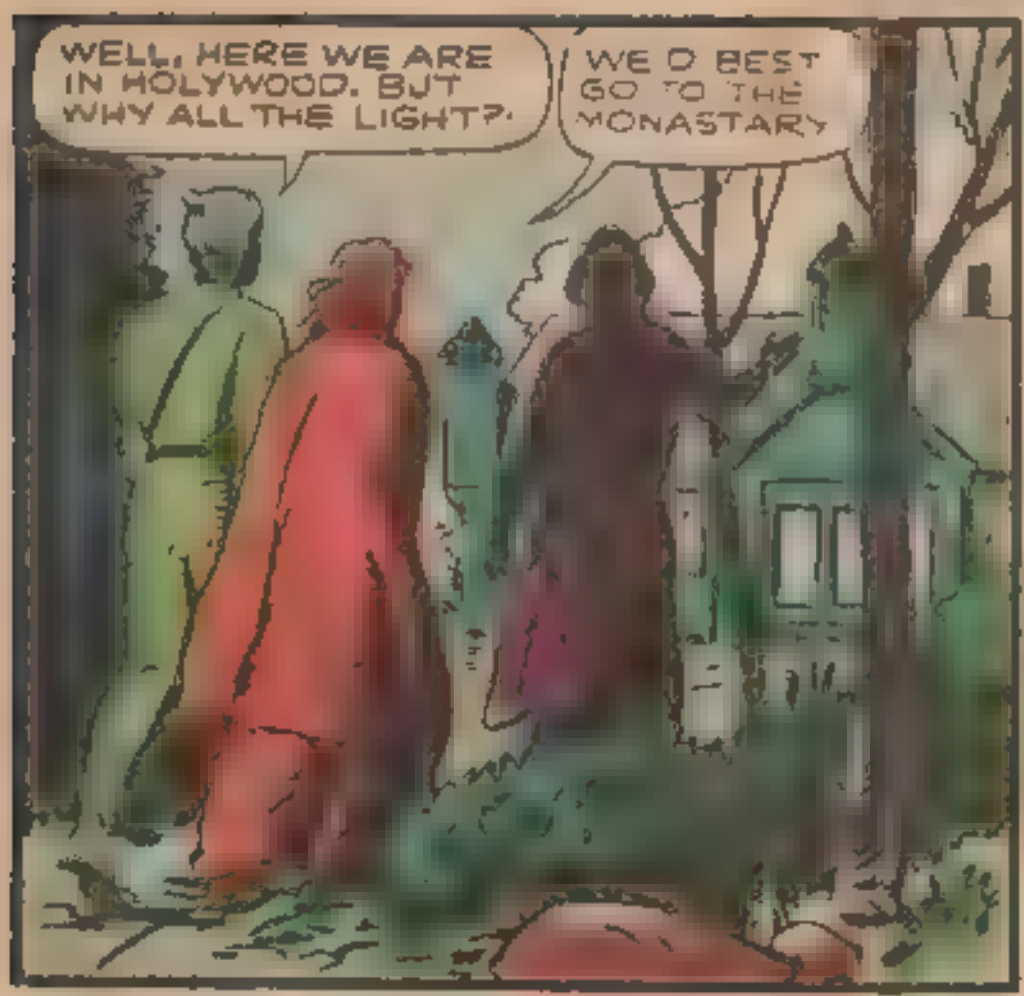
HE BLOWS TO HIS AIDES!
HE CALLS THEM FOR NALGHT KILL THEM MEN!

SIR DANIEL WHERE IS SIR DANIEL?
DICK, IT'S A TRAP I WARN YOU DICK!

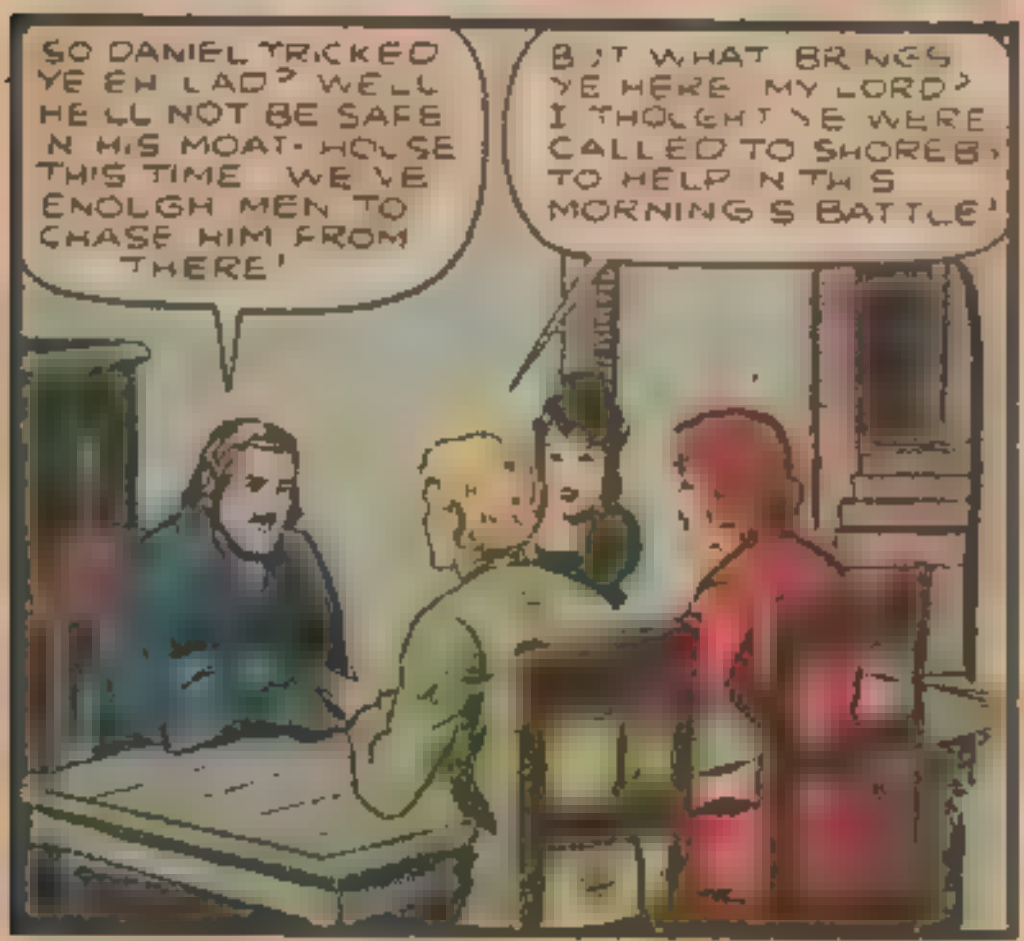

YOU SEE THEY'RE MOUNTED! THEY TOOK YOU BY SUR-PRISE AS THEY PLANNED!
STAND BY, MEN! FIGHT! FIGHT AS YE NEVER HAVE BEFORE!

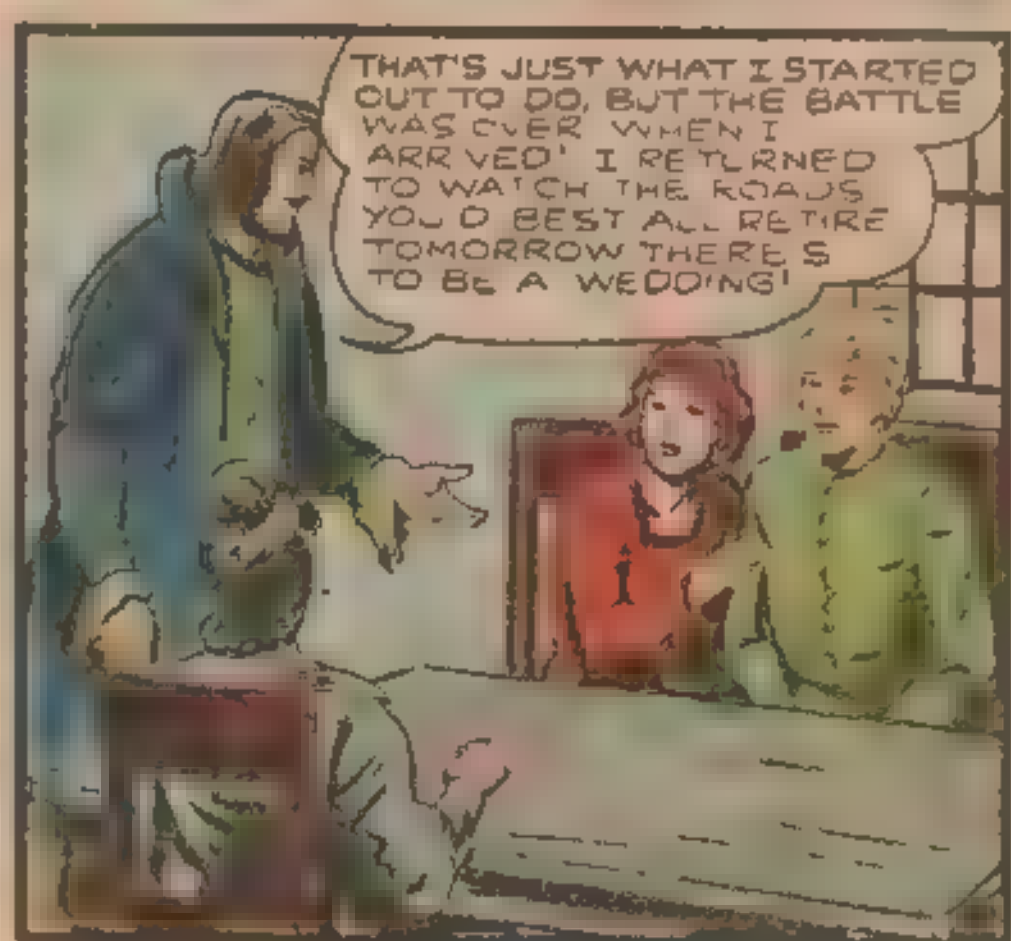
OUTNUMBERED BY THE HORSEMEN DICK'S MEN FLED INTO THE WOODS
IT'S TOO LATE! MY ARMY IS BROKEN AND FLEEING HURRY, WE'LL HAVE TO LOSE THEM IN THE FOREST!

DON'T FRET DICK AT LEAST WE'VE ELUDED HIM AND WILL SOON BE SAFE IN HOLY-WOOD
AND YOU DID RESCUE JOAN, DICK!
I'VE FAILED!


WELL, HERE WE ARE IN HOLYWOOD. BUT WHY ALL THE LIGHT?
WE'D BEST GO TO THE MONASTARY

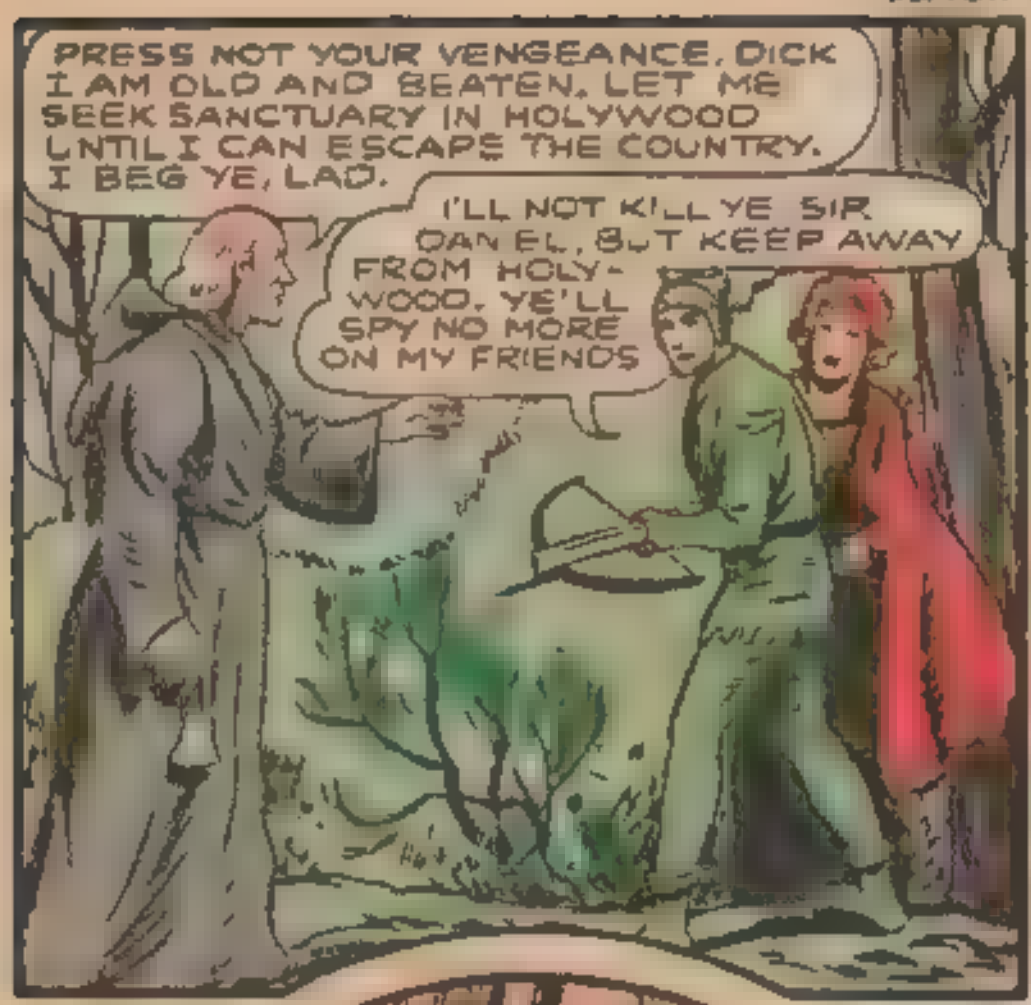
JOAN! ARE YE WELL LASS?
LORD FOXHAM!


SO DANIEL TRICKED YE EH LAD? WELL HE'LL NOT BE SAFE IN HIS MOAT-HOUSE THIS TIME WE'VE ENOUGH MEN TO CHASE HIM FROM THERE!
BUT WHAT BRINGS YE HERE MY LORD? I THOUGHT YE WERE CALLED TO SHOREBY TO HELP IN THIS MORNING'S BATTLE!

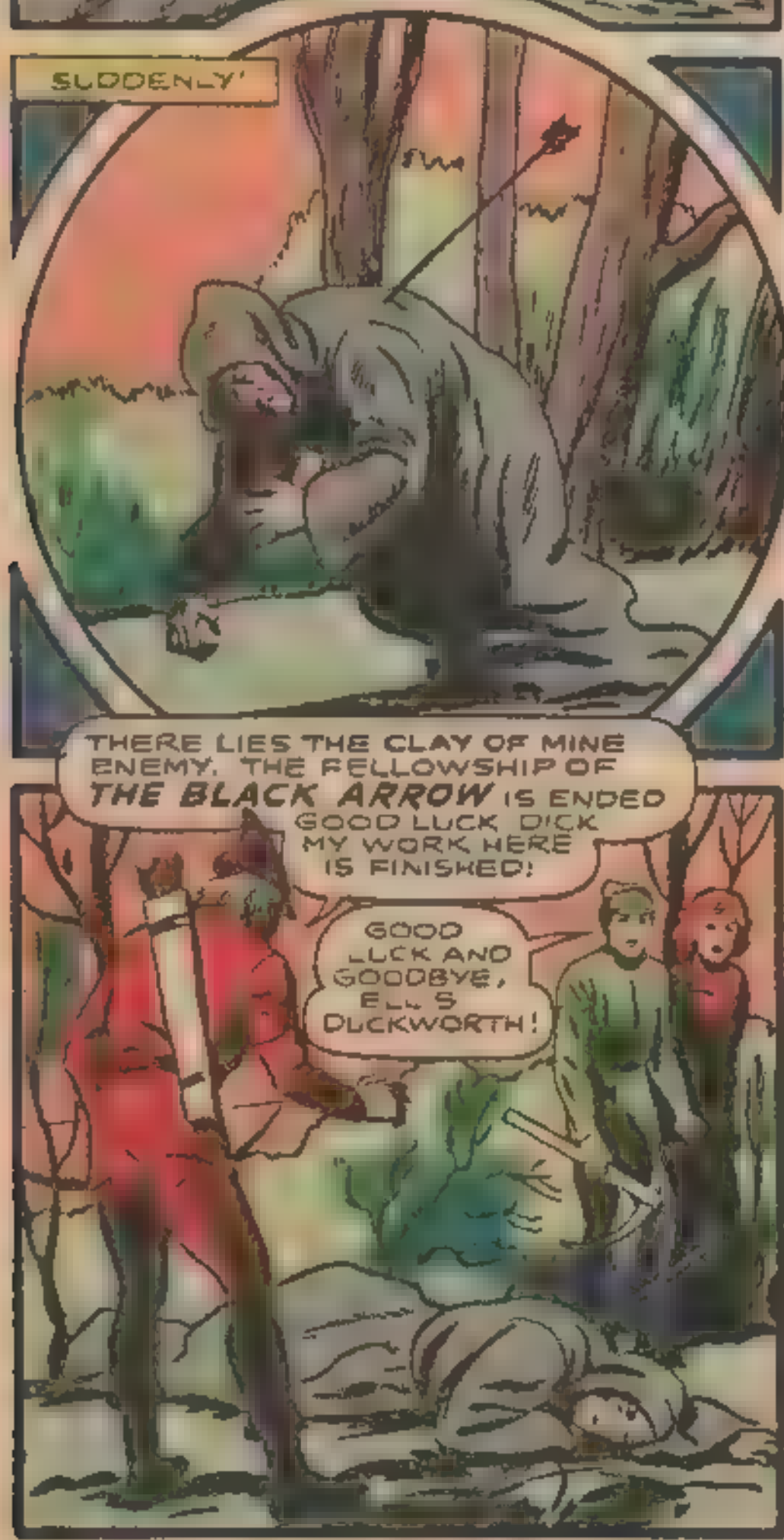

THAT'S JUST WHAT I STARTED OUT TO DO, BUT THE BATTLE WAS OVER WHEN I ARRIVED! I RETURNED TO WATCH THE ROADS. YOU'D BEST ALL RETIRE TOMORROW THERE'S TO BE A WEDDING!

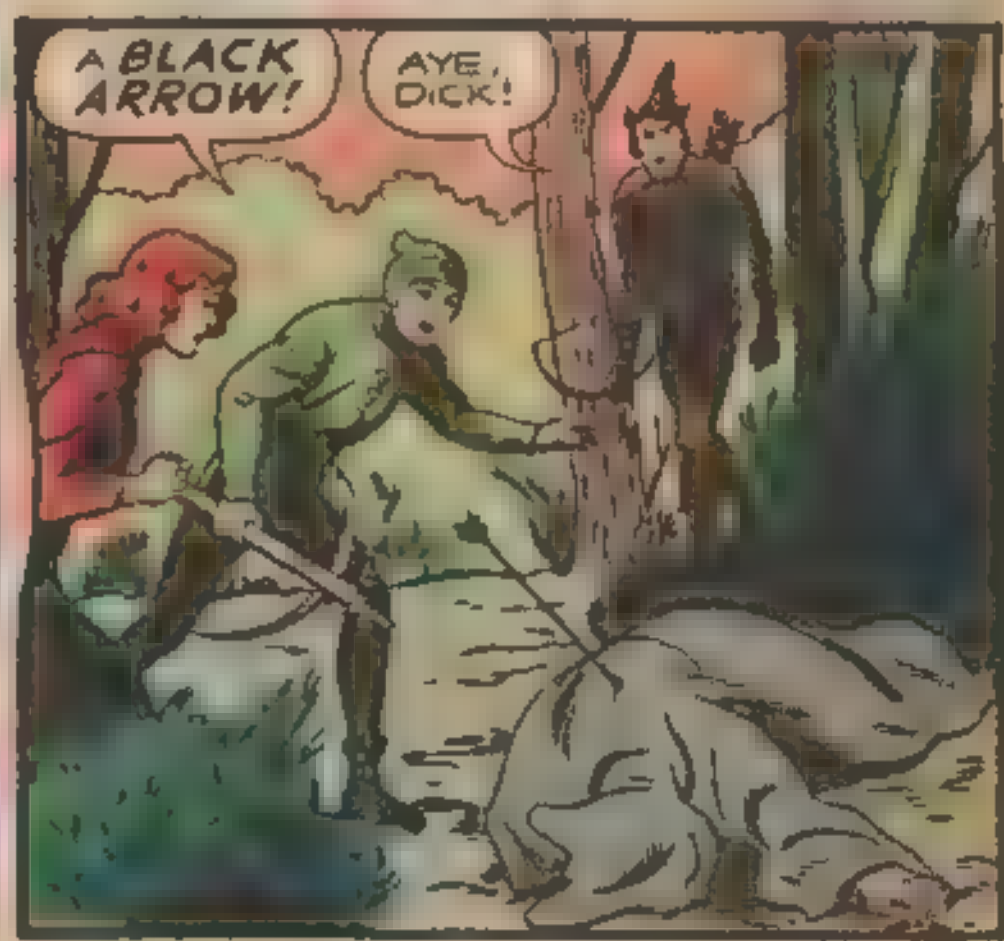
THE FOLLOWING DAWN. . .
TO THINK WE'LL BE WED IN A FEW HOURS JOAN, BELOVED.
YES.. ER DICK WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

SIR DANIEL!


PRESS NOT YOUR VENGEANCE, DICK I AM OLD AND BEATEN. LET ME SEEK SANCTUARY IN HOLYWOOD UNTIL I CAN ESCAPE THE COUNTRY. I BEG YE, LAD.
I'LL NOT KILL YE SIR DANEL, BUT KEEP AWAY FROM HOLY-WOOD. YE'LL SPY NO MORE ON MY FRIENDS

HE NO LONGER HAS THE RIGHT TO KEEP ME FROM MY LAWFUL PROPERTY AS HE DID WHEN I WAS HIS WARD. I'LL NOT BE RICH, JOAN, BUT THERE WILL BE ENOUGH.


SUDDENLY!
THERE LIES THE CLAY OF MINE ENEMY. THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE BLACK ARROW IS ENDED
GOOD LUCK DICK MY WORK HERE IS FINISHED!
GOOD LUCK AND GOODBYE, ELLIS DUCKWORTH!


A BLACK ARROW!
AYE, DICK!

OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER JOAN DEAREST. WEDDING BELLS RING FOR US.
The End

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"TUSITALA . . . TELLER OF TALES"

ON November 13, 1850, in Edinburgh, Scotland, Robert Louis Stevenson was born. The child was weakly and ailing and no one gave him much of a chance to live; much less to become the great spinner of romance and adventure stories that the world has since applauded. Had not his family been able to watch over his sickly health and take him to the places doctors recommended for him, he may never have reached manhood. So, from his earliest days, young Stevenson spent very little time in any one locale.

His father, grandfather, and uncle were all celebrated builders of lighthouses. With such an ancestry and a pride in the family occupation, it was quite natural that Stevenson was intrigued and in love with the sea.

At school, because of his inability to participate in physical activities, Stevenson turned his mind and efforts to the world of literature. He enjoyed copying the styles of his favorite authors, and started developing the manner in which he can relate, so vividly, his highly spirited stories. At sixteen, his first published works appeared, a story of an historical event, "The Pentland Rising."

Coupling his frequent travels in the search of better health with his love for adventure and writing, he turned out a series of essays and novels of adventure and travel. His first books, "An Inland Voyage" and "Travel with a Donkey in the Cevennes" were short stories of travel on the Continent of Europe.

His name as an author didn't become too popular until his next book, "Treasure Island", appeared. This masterful story of piracy and buried treasures proclaimed his talents to the world; and in the years that followed, his complete works required twenty-eight volumes to contain.

Soon followed "Kidnapped", "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", "The Black Arrow", and "The Master of Ballantrae"; all complete and thrilling novels.

He did not confine himself to prose, however, but wrote many fine verses especially for children. His anthology, "A Child's Garden of Verses", published in 1885, is one of the finest collections of children's poetry ever assembled.

Finding that European climate did not suit his health, he travelled to America and eventually set up home in California. Here, in the United States, he fell in love with an American girl and married.

At the age of thirty-nine, he could no longer fight the severity of the northern winters, and with his wife and two stepchildren left for the Samoan Island in the Pacific Ocean. There, on that beautiful tropical island, he continued writing his beloved stories and verse.

The Samoan natives learned to love the man, Robert Louis Stevenson, and the stories that flowed from his tireless pen. They named him "Tusitala", meaning the teller of tales, and treated him and his family as if they were gods.

Sitting in his home, he would often spend hours looking at the majestic Mount Vaea jutting high above the island below it. On December 3, 1894, he suddenly died. Sixty husky Samoan natives carried his corpse up the mountain, cutting the brush aside as they proceeded upwards with the coffin. There, on its highest peak, lies his body forever more. No guns are allowed in that area, so that "the birds may live there undisturbed and raise above his grave the songs he loved so well".

PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY

"The Father of Soda Water and Discoverer of Oxygen"

THE pious parishioners in Leeds, England during the eighteenth century, were all disturbed by the rumors circulating that their new minister, Joseph Priestley, was frequently a nightly visitor at the brewery near his house. What could he possibly be doing there, they asked. The mystery grew and grew. It still was not understood, when one of the brewery workers explained to a prying neighbor:

"All 'e does is 'old a chip o' wood in 'is 'and, and a candle in the other. 'E lights the chip, 'e does, and 'e 'olds it over the vat. When the flames goes out, 'e lights it again and starts all over. With no disrespect, mind you, there's those of us who thinks 'e's balmy!"

In his home, Priestley explained his observations to his wife. "It's a strange gas", he said, "which is found near the surface of the fermenting vat. The candle flame is immediately extinguished by it."

This new gas was carbon dioxide. When Priestley moved, he found it inconvenient to return continually to the brewery; so he invented the pneumatic trough. This invention enabled him to collect quantities of his "strange, new air".

By mixing carbon dioxide with water, he found that the result was a pleasant tasting drink. This was the first "soda water" ever manufactured and the forerunner of today's "soda pop".

Science was Priestley's hobby. He had no previous training for his experiments. As he pointed out, himself:

"I have often thought that this circumstance was no disadvantage to me: as I was led to devise an apparatus and processes of my own, adapted to my peculiar views Whereas, if I had been previously accustomed to the usual chemical processes, I should not thought of any other; and without my new modes of operation, I should hardly have discovered anything materially new."

The preacher-scientist busied himself with a search for new gasses. One day, he focused the sun's rays on a deposit of oxide of mercury. Next, he put a lighted candle into the gas and was amazed as it flared up. Priestley then held a red hot wire in the gas and it glared more brightly.

For long months, he wondered about this and began other experiments. Placing mice in vessels containing this new air, he found that its life lasted twice as long. When he tried breathing the new air himself, he found it to be tasteless, odorless, and exhilirating.

"Perhaps", thought Priestley, "my new gas can help people with lung trouble." This experiment, separating oxygen, made on March 8, 1775, was a red letter day in the history of science. That hope, that oxygen may help lung disorders, has been realized many, many times.

Although honored by the Royal Society with the Copley medal for his scientific discoveries, Priestley wanted to be remembered as a clergyman. He wrote: "How insignificant are all subjects compared to those which relate to religion."

The name of Priestley, however, will live as a scientist who has contributed greatly to the comfort and enjoyment of life. The oxygen tent, a modern medical miracle, is due directly to the work of this small town parson, as well as the other many ways in which oxygen is used in commercial and medical devices.

The next time you drink an ice cream soda, lift your glass and toast the man who made it possible—Joseph Priestley.

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